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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of Painting in Italy, from the Period of the Revival of the Fine Arts to the End of the Eighteenth Century. Translated from the original Italian of the Abate Luigi Lanzi, by Thomas Roscoe. 6 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Simpkin and Marshall.

LANZI'S *Storia Pittoria della Italia* has long and justly enjoyed the highest reputation upon the continent. From 1795-6 to 1809* (when the last edition in the lifetime of the author at Bassano appeared), it increased in fame, and widened its circle, as a work both of great original talent on the general subject of the Fine Arts, and one of much authority for reference. Ciconnara's *Storia della Scultura* was probably as much owing to the success of Lanzi as to the example of Winkelmann, whom he continued; and, altogether, the Arts owe a debt of the deepest gratitude to the man with whom Mr. Roscoe has, by this excellent translation, put it in the power of every English reader to become familiarly acquainted. And we will say, that in so doing he has enabled them to enjoy a very great pleasure. Unlike the majority of works upon science or art, Lanzi has contrived to render his *Storia* at once full of interesting information and agreeable incident. There is nothing dry about the narrative; but, on the contrary, it seems to us that no one who ever admired a fine picture can turn over a page of this publication without being attracted to proceed, and without feeling an increase of appetite grow with what it feeds on. In truth, we are ourselves so delighted with the history, that we do not exaggerate our opinion of its merits when we transcribe as our own the panegyric of the Cavalier Boni already alluded to. "The work of Lanzi," he says, "observes throughout the precept of the *serie et junctura* of Horace. It brings into full light the leading professors of the art, exhibits at due distance those of the second class, and only glances at mediocrity and inferiority of character, inasmuch as to fill up the great pictorial canvass with its just lights and shades. The true causes of the decline and revival of the art at certain epochs are pointed out, with those that contribute to preserve the fine arts in their happiest lustre: in which, recourse to examples more than to precepts is strongly recommended. The best rules are unfolded for facilitating the

study of different manners, some of which are known to bear a resemblance, though by different hands, and others are opposed to each other, although adopted by the same artist; a species of knowledge highly useful at a period when the best productions are eagerly sought after at a high rate. It is a history, in short, worthy of being placed at the side of that on the Literature of Italy by Tiraboschi, who having touched upon the fine arts at the outset of his labours, often urged his ancient friend and colleague to dilate upon a subject in every way so flattering to the genius of Italy; to Italy which, however rivalled by other nations in science and in literature, stands triumphant and alone in its creative mind of art. It is, however, difficult to convey a just idea of a work composed upon so enlarged and complete a scale; which embraces a period of about six centuries, and fourteen Italian schools, but treated with such rapidity and precision, as to form in itself a compendium of whatever we meet with in so many volumes of guides, catalogues, descriptions of churches and palaces, and in so many lives of artists throughout the whole of Italy.

"It is known that Richardson expressed a wish that some historian would collect these scattered accounts relating to the art of painting, at the same time noting down its progress and decline in every age, a desideratum which Mengs in part supplied in one of his letters, briefly marking down all the respective eras. Upon this plan, as far as regarded Venetian painting, Zannetti had partially proceeded; but the general survey, in its perfect form, of the whole of the other schools, was destined to be completed by the genius of Lanzi. Here he first gives the general character of each, distinguishing its particular epochs, according to the alterations in taste which it underwent. A few artists of distinguished reputation, whose influence gave a new impulse and new laws to the art, stand at the head of each era, which they may be said to have produced, with a full description of their style. To these great masters, their respective pupils are annexed, with the progress of their school, referring to such as may have more or less added to, or altered the manner of their prototype. For the sake of greater perspicuity, the painters of history are kept distinct from the artists in inferior branches; among whom are classed portrait and landscape painters, those of animals, of flowers, of fruits, &c. Nor are such as bear an affinity to the art, like engraving, inlaying, mosaic work, and embroidery, wholly excluded. Being doubtful whether he should make mention of those artists who belong neither to the senatorial, the equestrian, nor the popular order of the pictorial republic, and have no public representation, such as the names of mediocrity; Lanzi finally decided to introduce them among their superiors, like third-rate actors, whose figures may just be seen, in order to preserve the entireness of the story."

This quotation so fully establishes the characters and defines the nature of the work, that

we are, critically, absolved from any necessity of further description; and unless it were that we think a few extracts, to shew how well Mr. Roscoe has rendered his original, would be gratifying to our readers, we should dismiss his performance without another line, beyond the expression of our entire approbation. The subjoined remarks from Lanzi's preface will speak for themselves.

"My third object was to facilitate an acquaintance with the various styles of painting. The artist or amateur indeed, who has studied the manner of all ages and of every school, on meeting with a picture, can very readily assign it, if not to a particular master, at least to a certain style, much as antiquaries, from a consideration of the paper and the characters, are enabled to assign a manuscript to a particular era; or as critics conjecture the age and place in which an anonymous author flourished, from his phraseology. With similar lights we proceed to investigate the school and era of artists; and by a diligent examination of prints, drawings, and other relics belonging to the period, we at length determine the real author. Much of the uncertainty, with regard to pictures, arises from a similitude between the style of different masters; thus I collect together under one head, and remark in what one differs from the other. Ambiguity often arises from comparing different works of the same painter, when the style of some of them does not seem to accord with his general manner, nor with the great reputation he may have acquired. On account of such uncertainty, I usually point out the master of each artist, because all at the outset imitate the example offered by their teachers; and I, moreover, note the style formed, and adhered to by each, or abandoned for another manner; I sometimes mark the age in which he lived, and his greater or less assiduity in his profession. By an attentive consideration of such circumstances, we may avoid pronouncing a picture spurious, which may have been painted in old age, or negligently executed. Who, for instance, would receive as genuine all the pictures of Guido, were it not known that he sometimes affected the style of Caracci, of Calvart, or of Caravaggio; and at other times pursued a manner of his own, in which, however, he was often very unequal, as he is known to have painted three or four different pieces in a single day? Who would suppose that the works of Giordano were the production of the same artist, if it were not known that he aspired to diversify his style, by adopting the manner of various ancient artists? These are indeed well-known facts; but how many are there yet unnoted that are not unworthy of being related, if we wish to avoid falling into error? Such will be found noticed in my work, among other anecdotes of the various masters and the different styles. I am aware, that to become critically acquainted with the diversity of styles is not the ultimate object to which the travels and the eager solicitude of the connoisseur aspire. His object is to make

* Shortly after this edition was published, Lanzi's health (says the biographical notice prefixed to Mr. Roscoe's work) began rapidly to decline, and he prepared with perfect composure to meet the termination of his earthly career. He had already attained his seventy-eighth year; but his mind preserved its usual tone and vigour, though he could with difficulty pace his apartment. He wrote letters, and even pursued his beloved studies on the day of his decease, which took place on Sunday, the 30th of March, 1810, occasioned by a fresh attack of apoplexy. For this he had long been prepared, and only the preceding evening had taken an affectionate leave of his friends and domestic, thanking the Cav. Boni for his kindness in continuing so long to mount his staircase to visit an old man. There is an edition of his about ten years ago.

himself familiar with the handling of the most celebrated masters, and to distinguish copies from originals. Happy should I be, could I promise to accomplish so much! Even they might consider themselves fortunate, who dedicate their lives to such pursuits, were they enabled to discover any short, general, and certain rules for infallibly determining this delicate point! Many rely much upon history for the truth. But how frequently does it happen that the authority of an historian is cited in favour of a family picture, or an altar-piece, the original of which having been disposed of by some of the predecessors, and a copy substituted in its place, the latter is supposed to be a genuine painting! Others seem to lay great stress on the importance of places, and hesitate to raise doubts respecting any specimen they find contained in royal and select galleries, assuming that they really belong to the artists referred to in the gallery descriptions and catalogues. But here, too, they are liable to mistake; inasmuch as many private individuals, as well as princes, unable to purchase ancient pictures at any price, contented themselves with such copies of their imitators as approached nearest to the old masters. Some indeed were made by professors purposely despatched by princes in search of them; as in the instance of Rodolph I., who employed Giuseppe Enzo, a celebrated copyist. (See Boschini, p. 62, and Orlandi, on Gioseffo Ains di Berna.) External proofs, therefore, are insufficient, without adding a knowledge of different manners. The acquisition of such discrimination is the fruit only of long experience, and deep reflection on the style of each master: and I shall endeavour to point out the manner in which it may be obtained. To judge of a master we must attend to his design, and this is to be acquired from his drawings, from his pictures, or, at least, from accurate engravings after them. A good connoisseur in prints is more than half way advanced in the art of judging pictures; and he who aims at this must study engravings with unremitting assiduity. It is thus his eye becomes familiarised to the artist's method of delineating and foreshortening the figure, to the air of his heads and the casting of his draperies; to that action, that peculiarity of conception, of disposing, and of contrasting, which are habitual to his character. Thus is he, as it were, introduced to the different families of youths, of children, of women, of old men, and of individuals in the vigour of life, which each artist has adopted as his own, and has usually exhibited in his pictures. We cannot be too well versed in such matters, so minute or almost insensible are the distinctions between the imitators of one master (such as Michel-Angiolo, for example), who have perhaps studied the same cartoon, or the same statues, and, as it were, learned to write after the same model. More originality is generally to be discovered in colouring, a branch of the art formed by a painter, rather on his own judgment than by instruction. The amateur can never attain experience in this branch who has not studied many pictures by the same master; who has not observed his selection of colours, his method of separating, of uniting, and of subduing them; what are his local tints, and what the general tone that harmonises the colours he employs. This tint, however clear and silvery in Guido and his followers, bright and golden in Titiano and his school, and thus of the rest, has still as many modifications as there are masters in the art. The same remark extends to middle tints, and to chiaroscuro, in which

each artist employs a peculiar method. These are qualities which catch the eye at a distance, yet they will not always enable the critic to decide with certainty; whether, for instance, a certain picture is the production of Vinci or Luini, who imitated him closely; whether another be an original picture by Barocci, or an exact copy from the hand of Vanni. In such cases, judges of art approach closer to the picture, with a determination to examine it with the same care and accuracy as are employed in a judicial question, upon the recognition of hand-writing. Fortunately for society, nature has granted to every individual a peculiar character in this respect, which it is not easy to counterfeit, nor to mistake for any other person's writing. The hand, habituated to move in a peculiar manner, always retains it: in old age the characters may be more slowly traced, may become more negligent or more heavy; but the form of the letters remains the same. So it is in painting. Every artist not only retains this peculiarity, but one is distinguished by a full charged pencil; another by a dry but neat finish; the work of one exhibits blended tints, that of another distinct touches; and each has his own manner of laying on the colours: but even in regard to what is common to so many, each has a peculiar handling and direction of the pencil, a marking of his lines more or less waved, more or less free, and more or less studied, by which those truly skilled from long experience are enabled, after a due consideration of all circumstances, to decide who was the real author. Such judges do not fear a copyist, however excellent. He will, perhaps, keep pace with his model for a certain time, but not always; he may sometimes shew a free, but commonly a timid, servile, and meagre pencil; he will not be long able, with a free hand, to keep his own style concealed under the manner of another, more especially in regard to less important points, such as the pencilling of the hair, and in the fore and back grounds of the picture. Certain observations on the canvass and the priming ground may sometimes assist inquiry; and hence some have endeavoured to attain greater certainty by a chemical analysis of the colours. Diligence is ever laudable when exerted on a point so nice as ascertaining the hand-work of a celebrated master. It may prevent our paying ten guineas for what may not be worth two; or placing in a choice collection pictures that will not do it credit; while to the curious it affords scientific views, instead of creating prejudices that often engender errors. That mistakes should happen is not surprising. A true connoisseur is still more rare than a good artist. His skill is the result of only indirect application; it is acquired amidst other pursuits, and divides the attention with other objects; the means of attaining it fall to the lot of few; and still fewer practise it successfully. Among the number of the last I do not reckon myself. By this work I pretend not, I repeat it, to form an accomplished connoisseur in painting: my object is to facilitate and expedite the acquisition of such knowledge. The history of painting is the basis of connoisseurship; by combining it, I supersede the necessity of referring to many books; by abbreviating it, I save the time and labour of the student; and by arranging it in a proper manner on every occasion, I present him with the subject ready prepared and developed before him."

(To be continued.)

Metrical Essays on Subjects of History and Imagination. By Charles Swain. 12mo. pp. 176. London, 1827. E. Palmer. The signature of C. Swain is one which will awake a chord of pleasant memory to all readers of our poetical column. Then an anonymous, still to us a personally unknown, writer, his talents appeared of a very high order: the first poem, the *Escaped Convict*, was one of uncommon merit; one verse we must repeat, for the sake of the very original simile.

"He gazed upon the vale,
Where spring-tide flow'rets slept,
Rock'd by the whispers of the gale;
He saw it—and he wept:
Like drops which page a storm, they came—
Tears born in agony and shame."

Many others appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, to which their merits made them always welcome, and these are now collected, and, with several other original poems, form a very charming little volume. The *Death of the Warrior King* is among our chief favourites.

"There are noble heads bow'd down and pale,
Deep sounds of woe arise,
And tears flow fast around the couch
Where a wounded warrior lies;
The hue of death is gathering dark
Upon his lofty brow,
And the arm of might and valour falls
Weak as an infant's now.
I saw him mild the battling hosts,
Like a bright and leading star,
Where banner, helm, and falchion gleam'd,
And flew the bolts of war;
When, in his plenitude of power,
He trod the Holy Land,
I saw the routed Saracens
Flee from his blood-dark brand.
I saw him in the banquet hour
Forsake the festive throng,
To seek his favourite minstrel's haunt,
And give his soul to song;
For dearly as he loved renown,
He loved that spell-wrought strain
Which bade the brave of perished days
Light conquest's torch again.
Then seem'd the bard to cope with Time,
And triumph o'er his doom—
Another world in freshness burst
Oblivion's mighty tomb!
Again the hardy Britons rushed
Like lions to the fight;
While horse and foot—helm, shield, and lance,
Swept by his vision's sight!
But battle ceased, and waving plume,
The drum's heart-stirring beat,
The glittering pomp of prosperous war,
The rush of million feet,
The magic of the minstrel's song,
Which told of victories o'er—
Are sights and sounds the dying king
Shall see—shall hear no more!
It was the hour of deep midnight,
In the dim and quiet sky,
When with sable cloak and broider'd pall,
A funeral train swept by,
Dull and sad fell the torches' glare
On many a stately crest—
They bore the noble warrior-king
To his last dark home of rest."

Mr. Swain's genius is of a very martial character; the sound of the trumpet is its best inspiration; nothing can be more spirited than his *Capsals*: his book should bear the motto

"I have song of war for knights!"

though that gentle chords and veins of serious beauty are not wanting, we need only refer to the very sweet songs and the sonnets, which form a worthy finish to our young poet's strain. Our hearty admiration of Mr. Swain's genius having been expressed in the most sincere and unequivocal way, by admitting his productions with pleasure to our own select pages, we shall not add to the encomium, nor divest his delightful volume of more of its novel attractions for the general reader by further extracts.

Sir Michael Scott: a Romance. By Allan Cunningham. 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1838. H. Colburn.

Of this boundless Romance it is not easy to

in the language of criticism, to the laws of which it does not hold itself amenable. "I here now seem, (says the hero at its close,) the dark hell, the bright heaven, and the green earth, and all that it contains:"—these sights, conceived and described with the wild and imaginative powers of Allan Cunningham, make the exuberant work before us. The vast of human interest will probably be felt; but whoever loves to dwell amid enchantments, marvels, Gothic legends, witchcraft, allegories, and superstitions, will find ample space and verge enough in these volumes. They may, indeed, be called a sort of British Arabian Nights; sometimes reminding us of the impressive features of Goethe's Faust, at other times sporting with creatures of lighter aspects; but generally founded upon, or regulated by, traditional lore, and reviving many fire-side stories of the olden time yet hardly disbelieved in the ruder parts of the country.

Having noticed the characteristics of this production, it will occur to our readers that it is quite impossible to communicate to their minds any adequate idea of its *ensemble*. When a tale goes straight forward, as a crow flies, we can render it perfectly intelligible; but if, on the wings of Genius, it moves with viewless rapidity hither and thither, in more various figures than Geometry could ever imagine, like a swallow in the air,—we lay down our pen in despair, and can only say to the inquirer, you must peruse the book. All we can do in the present instance is, to exemplify the vivid and poetical style in which the author paints alike his natural landscapes and his preternatural scenery; give a few specimens of the delightful matches of verse with which he has interspersed his romantic vision; and make such other slight selections as may throw a gleam, however imperfect, over his general design.

The story is told of King James, who, instead of being slain on Flodden Field, is saved by the mighty wizard, Sir Michael Scott, and borne throughout all the regions of the earth, under the ocean, into the fields of air, into the infernal abodes, and into the mansions of the blest. Over this wide and extensive range, our author travels with creative fancy, and revels in the strangest vagaries;—occasionally without any very striking effect, or any distinct chain of connexion, but also occasionally with potent magic, and always displaying a wonderful fecundity of talent, and a vigorous pencil in tracing his unfettered thoughts.

The opening of the book is a leaf of nature itself.

"The sun was sinking in the west, when a stranger seated himself on the summit of one of the Cheviot hills, and looked anxiously on the land below. The apple was red and ripening on the tree; the nuts were brown in their husks; the rowans' bitter bunch hung glossy amidst the green bough; the wild plums grew in black and powdery clusters; the sweet green junipers were in full flavour; the nest of the wild bee was filled with honey; and hill, wood, and dale, shewed that summer had fulfilled all the purposes for which nature had given it light and warmth. He saw, too, the sickle in the hands of the reapers moving beneath the ears of yellow corn; the husbandman rubbing the heads in his hand, and looking if the grain was round and ripe; and he heard a song, which gave an image of the season, from the lips of two maidens, who bore out food to the harvest field. The green hills presented a similar picture of pastoral abundance. The sunward sides were white over

with flocks, shepherds walked among them, thinking on the romantic rivulet bank where the folds stood, and where they could see the maidens at blighting time; from the cheese presses was taken the well-farmed and well-pressed curd; and the master of the household weighed the fleece which his flock had yielded, and calculated the growing wealth of his possessions. Away on the stranger's left rolled the wide and restless sea, with all its winding outline of coast; and on his right many a feudal castle displayed its banner, while the arms of the warders gleamed bright in the descending sun."

The battle of Flodden is well described; but we prefer quoting two minstrel songs upon it: Sir James's (the transformed king), and Sir Michael's (the enchanter).

"The grass of Flodden's ruby red,
That late so greenly grew;
The sweet lark's foot is wet with blood
Instead of silver dew.
For Howard's arrow-flight has flown,
And in their fleet career
His steeds have trod o'er Scotland's strength,
And broke her deadly spear.
I sing, and while I sing I sigh!
For had those gallant men,
Whose life's-blood stains the river red,
Whose bodies choke the glen,
Been as gently ruled as bravely led,
Yon moon above us hung,
Another sight had seen, and I
A happier song had sung.

The sword has smote, the shaft is flown,
The victor's cry is cried;
More sad is he who basely lives
Than he who bravely died.
I'd rather lie like Lindsay speid,
Have Douglas' bloody brow,
Or share stout Maxwell's grassy bed,
Than be as I am now.
I fought where Surrey's shafts flew thick,
Where rose fierce Selby's cry—
Where Dacre rush'd, and Stanley charged,
And yet I could not die.
Farewell to Scotland's pleasant land,
And to its lovely dames!
To lordly lance and knightly brand—
So sings he, Sir James."

Sir Michael's Song.

"He laid him down to sleep, Sir James,
Soon gentle slumber came,
The rivulet's voice sang in his ear,
Mild as a lovely dame;
With the voice of a young and lovely dame,
Sweet, loving, meek, and low,
The streamlet sang, and sound he slept
Where Flodden's fountains flow.
He laid him down to sleep, Sir James,
The voice that to him came
Was deeper and more mournful far
Than that of a sweet dame;
Then the voice of a young and gentle dame,
And it said, or seemed to say,
Where are my brave and stately sons,
Whom thou ledst yesterday?
As I came down through Flodden vale,
I could no further pass,
For there they lay my stately sons,
All trodden down like grass;
All trodden like the new-mown grass,
And I heard them make a moan—
O fatherless are our gentle babes,
And kingless is our throne!
I see you all, my gallant sons,
Your sharp swords in your hands,
But where's the star of chivalry—
The prince who ruled your bands?
The prince who ruled your martial bands,—
They murmured out a moan,
O fatherless are our gentle babes,
And kingless is our throne!"

As an example of the inventive, we shall transcribe the account of the sea-nymphs' abode.

"They now came to where the unfathomable ocean opened wide its bosom, and drove back its waters, forming an immense domain right in the centre of the sea, walled all about with liquid walls, and roofed with the magnificent ocean, pure, and of a transparent green. In the centre of the whole stood a palace, reared with polished pillars of jasper, hung

with festoons of shells and pearls, and lighted by a fire which gleamed up from the ground. All around lay monsters of the deep, transformed into sea-green marble; and the way which led to the portico was wrought like the skins of fish in solid silver, mottled over with gold. Sir Michael passed over the threshold, and said, 'Peace be with the immortal forms which dwell in the great deep, and may nought evil ever intrude among them!' As he spoke, ten thousand jasper couches, which were empty when he entered, were filled with forms of surpassing loveliness; ten thousand sea-maidens, in the bloom of youth, came with the speed of light from the sea-caves and chambers, and set the whole palace in a glow with their beauty. He could not but gaze in silence for a minute's space or more on the splendour of the palace, and the beauty of its inhabitants. There they sat on their glittering couches, their locks shedding a light like that of the sun, and their snowy necks and shoulders looking like wreaths of snow, touched by the light of the morning; while on all sides, underfoot and overhead, architecture had wrought its miracles, uniting marbles and spars of all colours, and blending them into one curious and harmonious whole. On the walls were shewn many wondrous scenes, painted from the processions and ceremonies—the joys and the loves of the sea-maidens: the colours in which they were hued seemed those of heaven. On one side a monster stretched out his immense and scaly train, while two laughing sea-maidens sat on his back, and with wreaths of shells and pearls crowned his dark head, and struck on his sides, to urge him through the sea; the monster threw a river from his nostrils high into the sunny air, and glanced back his small and swarthy eyes with pleasure on the maidens. Elsewhere a secluded and sunny nook of ocean was painted, the waves all around the quiet bay seemed sleeping in gold, while in the middle six sea-nymphs were sporting amid the element; their snow-white bodies shone brightly amid the brine. One swam freely along, and her long tresses flowed amid the agitated water, like melted gold amid silver. Another maiden stood up amid the sea, and shed her long hair into ringlets, shewing, through the abundance of her locks, the brightness of her brow, the whiteness of her bosom, and the dark sparkling of a pair of very deluding eyes. A third threw herself at full length on the pale-green sea, and lay motionless and still, sleeping like the light of the sun, which gleamed in long straggling lines through a neighbouring grove on the water, nor did she move but with the impulse of the sea. A fourth dived perpendicularly down into the flood—the body descended like a sunbeam, and with its white beauty seemed to stain the element; while a fifth sprang upward into the air, and the brine flew from her tresses in showers. The sixth sat on a rock, which sprang up amid the sea, shading the sun from her dark eyes with her hands, and smiling in gladness with the delicious warmth of the luminary. Upon this scene of freedom and beauty two eyes were seen to intrude from a neighbouring thicket; but whether they were those of man or woman, the artist had left undefined. Sir Michael looked around, and he saw a painted scene of another character: the sea was strewn with the wrecks of battle, the shivered mast and the wounded body, and the water was tinged with blood. Amid this scene of misery a hundred white-armed sea-maidens were busied in acts of kindness and mercy. One bore the corpse of a handsome youth to the sea-side, and disposed it reverently among the

shells which lined a little bay, where human feet frequently came; a second bore a mangled corpse into the bottom of the deep, and laid it in a grave dug amid the sand; a third bore up the head of a wounded mariner, when he seemed nigh the sinking, and wafted him shoreward to his wife and children. A fourth, where the sea seemed deeply dyed with blood, swam hastily through, her face glowing with emotion, bearing an orphan child in her arms, whose parent died in battle, and left it to the mercy of the sea. The little innocent clasped its short arms around her neck in joy, and with eyes beaming with affection, she bore the orphan away. A fifth sat on a rock of jasper in the bottom of the sea, with the mangled bodies of many a gallant youth before her; her hands were clasped, her eyes were turned away from the sight, and her bosom seemed bursting with sorrow for the wreck which human folly had wrought. A sixth sat on the shattered remains of a mast, and amid the floating ruins of battle warbled and sang, till the winds became hushed and still, and a kindly calm came on, and the wounded creatures were saved from the sea, whilst the maimed ships washed their decks from blood, and retired with mingled lamentation and joy. On the fourth side of the palace were painted the grave and terrible forms of the ocean monarchs of old, figures of majestic character and severe beauty, from whose presence all unseemly mirth fled, and in whose eyes shone the light which comes from heaven. They were those who ruled of old on the deep, when Jupiter and Juno reigned on Olympus, and their looks and glory were still preserved by the skill of the softer and more lovely race who inherited their empire. Before them, on an altar, was offered up the living body of that adventurous mortal who first invented ships, and launched them on the deep sea; and the fire which consumed him was fed with the first oak on which man had laid the axe, and endowed it with power to carry him on the waters."

But, perhaps, the most striking chapter is the ninth of the second volume, in which Mr. Cunningham conjures up the shadows of departed forms, as well as of future heroes, &c. on the banks of the Stygian Lake. They pass like the long line in Macbeth. James V., Gavin Douglas, Queen Mary, Napier the inventor of the logarithms, George Buchanan, John Knox, Queen Elizabeth, Spenser, Raleigh, Wentworth, James VI., Shakespeare, Jonson, Otway, Bacon, Hampden, Cromwell, Milton, Dryden, Butler, and many others, follow in review; and two or three of these portraits will shew how our author treats them.

"What rustic form is this," said Sir James, "who comes laughing aloud with delight, and who seems a strange companion for such choice and classic spirits as those which have preceded him?" "Nay," answered the Spirit, "thou art become fastidious at last, when thou seest nought about native and untutored genius but its external rudeness. Knowest thou not that the sweetest nut has the roughest rind, and the homeliest bird the sweetest song. This is a man made to delight millions of people, and no one will sketch with a bolder or more vivid hand the rustic pursuits and fireside endearments of the poetic, and acute, and intelligent peasantry of the north. His native lakes reflect not the glittering beauty of the midnight heaven more truly or more brightly than the Doric verses of Allan Ramsay will present the people of the glens, and green straths of old Caledonia." And Sir James looked anxiously

and kindly on this great restorer of the national poetry of Scotland. He passed away.

"Sir James beheld a form enter the Valley of Life, a tall and a manly shape, with independence stamped on his open brow, and a step and an eye which shewed that he sympathised with human nature, and enjoyed life. 'That is the peasant poet of Scotland,' said the Spirit; 'his passionate enthusiasm and love of nature, his delight in all that is lofty and characteristic of his country, his deep sympathy with the loves, the joys, the feelings, and the opinions of rustic life, and his power of extracting the sweetest poetry from the ordinary materials of existence, will mark him out as one of the most original poets, one of the best benefactors to the humble inhabitants of the hills and dales of Scotland. To Robert Burns true love will owe the record of some of its dearest and divinest inspirations.' Long, and with an eye of reverence, did Sir James look on the illustrious poet, who hurried swiftly past, and was speedily lost to the sight. While he gazed after the illustrious peasant, another form approached, whose face, for a moment as dark as night, soon shone out like the summer sun, all brightness and joy. His eye seemed to scorn the world, and his steps were hurried and wayward. 'Behold George Gordon Byron,' said the Spirit, 'behold him now as dark and disdainful as the fiend who reigns below; his glance seems to wither all it looks on, and his breath infects with incurable blight whatsoever it passes over. And now behold him, the cloud has passed away, and his benevolent and lofty spirit flashes brightly out; all that he looks upon becomes from that moment consecrated, all that he names becomes from that moment immortal. Now the lofty and powerful spirits of the island come thick and three-fold; they are poured forth in the munificence of nature, even as the unrisen sun sends forth his innumerable rays upon the mountains; as they glide hastily along I shall name them, that you may know the saviour spirits who will arise in future days.' 'Nay, it is not brute strength and bodily endurance which mark the warrior,' said the Spirit, 'else these figures twain would be among the least meritorious of mankind. These are the future victors by land and wave, who will conquer by the greatness and daringness of their spirits, who will have the art of infusing their own heroic souls into their followers, and the power of inspiring human hearts with more than human firmness and valour. Ay, look on them well, how unlike, in strength, the heroes of old, and yet how like them in soul, in spirit, and in success. Look on them well, for to them thy green island shall owe its sovereignty of the sea, and its dominion by land. Look on them well, for their genius and valour shall save the world from becoming the slave of the greatest leader and loftiest despot that ever led forth his martial bands to battle and to victory. Look on them before they pass from before thee, and think on the places of fame which history will assign to their country's saviours, Horatio Nelson and Arthur Wellesley.' The martial figures passed by, but faded not from sight. 'Is this a poet, or a warrior, or both in one?' said Sir James; 'his manly and stalwart form indicate the warrior, and his lofty and meditating brow and eye, kindled with inspiration, mark the poet. He seems the minstrel-hero of old romance; and yet, when I look more steadily, I see a shrewd mind-measuring power about him which the knights of chivalry seemed not to possess.' 'He will be the poet of thine own beloved land,' said the Spirit; 'the poet of its chil-

valry, of its martial daring, and of its knightly deeds. He will be the poet, too, of its mountains, its lakes, its hills, and its vales; of its castles gray, and churchyards green; of its fairy knolls, and its haunted glens. He will be the poet, likewise, of its loftier and purer superstitions, of its wild beliefs, and its marvellous legends. He also will be the bard of rustic life, of the rural sages, and their pastoral firesides; the embalmer of the poetic feeling, the sharp sarcasm, the biting humour, and affectionate natures of the peasantry. See, there is a halo already around his head, brighter than what surrounds any of Scotland's sons; with all that belongs to the loftiest genius but its pride; with all the feelings which accompany fame and success but their arrogance; and with his genius working more stupendous miracles than ever thy companion performed with his magic; Walter Scott walks unconscious of it all, like a common and uninspired spirit.' 'We are on the verge of two hundred years,' said the guide, 'and darkness is about to drop on the vale of existence, and hide it from thee for ever. But thou canst behold a kingly shape, one worthy of a crown, if mildness of nature, generosity of heart, and love of public honour, entitle a man to wear gold on his brows.' Sir James looked, and beheld a crowned king walking slowly along the vale. 'There,' said the Spirit, 'thou seest one of the greatest and happiest of all thy descendants. Though surrounded by the flames of foreign war, by the folly of visionary dreamers of unattainable excellence in government; though harassed by the intrigues of faction, and the eloquent vehemence of party zeal, George the Fourth shall pass on unmoved by them all, and go to the grave with the undiminished affection of his subjects, and the universal admiration of mankind.'"

We should here terminate our Review, but that we are enticed, by some of the miscellaneous poems, to the following illustrative addenda.

"Brimble's Song."

I love 'mongst groves and glens to range,
When brown the nuts are hanging;
I love 'mongst pastoral lands to roam,
What time the shepherd's singing.
The shepherd's pipe, the reaper's horn,
The wild bee humming clearly;
The milking pail and thrashing flail
Are things I love fu' dearly.

A pleasant dapple for man I work,
At midnight when I'm sauntering;
I seize the fox, and to his tail
I hang a jack-a-lantern.
I reaped one night ten acres good,
To dounce John Clarke of Cloonzie,
He clapt his hands, and shouted loud—
My blessings on thee, Brownie!
I've safely brought the cannie wife
Through Annan chafed and foaming;
I've shorn ten thousand sheep between
The midnight and the gloaming.
There's not a dame 'twixt Tweed and Dee,
From Durisdeer to Downie,
But waves her hand when she sees me,
And laughs and cries out 'Brownie.'

I kindle the meteor in the moor,
I light the glow-worm's candles;
I trim the fairy's complice clear,
And tie his dancing sandals.
The maiden bribes me with her smile,
The dame with cream and honey;
For elfin Brownie cannot be bought
By kingdoms coined in money."

"Oft with the mirthsome fairy
I dance beneath the moon,
Or, with the crooked lightning,
I run the waves about.
I run around the mountain top,
Till stars with fear grow blind,
Then off I go careering
Before the viewless wind.

Yestreen the moon shone dimly,
As I went gaily by,
The dame with red of rowan tree
Drove home her frightened eye!

The owl was silent, and the fox
Howled and ran round about;
And all the candles in the sky
Went dancing in and out.

As I called down Dalgomer gien
An hour before the dawn,
Three witches round a will-o'-wisp
Were dancing on the lawn;
And all the dead men rose and danced,
And all the women too;
And clatter clatter went their feet
Among the dropping dew.
And all the dead men shouted,
And all the witches sang,
O welcome, merry elfin—
And down to earth I sprang.
Then round and round we merrily went,
Nor feared we thanks or shoon,
And well I mind the tune they played—
'Tis merry 'neath the moon.

John Thomson's ship on Solway sailed,
And merrily o'er the foam
I heard the gladsmare mariners
Shout at the sight of home.
An old dame off her alipper flung,
I wot she flung it high;
The ship went down head foremost—
I heard the drowning cry.

"The Song of Glenroole.

The winter wind sang in the tree,
Like iron from the frozen ground
Rang to my step, the snow-flake fell,
And grim night wrapt me round.
And grim night wrapt me round about—
The wild beast had his lair,
The fowl its perch—no home had I
To hap my hoary hair.

I've harped to nobles high and haught,
To warriors fierce and rude,
To shepherds on the mountain brown,
And queens in Holyrood;
To kings, too, in high Holyrood,
The melting strings I've swept,
Till earls' and monarchs' eyes grew moist,
And ladies more than wept.

The hour of sorrow came, and now,
Far, far from Scottish ground,
I touch the thrilling string, and lend
Inspired speech to sound.
With Nith's green holms, and Yarrow vales,
Full loath was I to part—
In this sweet land my body lives,
But Scotland holds my heart."

With these imaginative compositions we shall conclude. Had the entire work embraced a definite object, or led to a distinct end, it might have been better; but it could hardly have contained more proofs of peculiar genius, or more separate passages of great brilliancy and originality.

Time's Telescope for 1828. A complete Guide to the Almanack, &c. &c. London: Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

This popular annual volume is too well known to stand in need of description. Like a piece of amber, it encloses and preserves a multitude of matters concurrent with the year of its publication, which are seen to great advantage through this medium. Saints' days, reminiscences of history and antiquities, contemporary biography, and snatches of contemporary literature as well as original productions, astronomical occurrences, natural science, and other subjects fit for such a work of mingled reference and amusement, are very judiciously selected, and extremely well arranged in *Time's Telescope*. To afford specimens of all these diversified topics would encroach too much on our space; and we must therefore dismiss the book with a general recommendation, and a slight and partial selection to illustrate its character. Of saints' days, St. Mark the Evangelist's seems to have been attended with remarkable superstitions.

"The custom of sitting and watching in the church porch, on St. Mark's Eve, still exists in some parts of the north of England. A curious narrative, by Mr. Gervas Holles, relative to this day, we extract from the Lansdowne MSS. in the *British Museum*, No. 207 (c), fol. 356.

"In the year 1634 two men (inhabitants of Burton co. Linc.) agreed betwixt themselves upon St. Mark's Eve at night, to watch in the church porch at Burton, to try whether or noe (according to the ordinary belief amongst the common people) they should see the spectres or phantasmes of those persons which should dy in that parish the yeare following. To this intent (having first performed the usuall ceremonies and superstition) late in the night, the moone shining then very bright, they repayed to the church porch and there seated themselves, continuing there till neare twelve of the clock. About wth time (growing weary with expectation, and partly wth feare) they resolved to depart, but were held fast by a kind of insensible violence, not being able to move a foot. About midnight, upon a suddaine (as if the moone had been eclipsed) they were environed with a blacke darkness: immediately after a kinde of light as if it had beene a resultancy from torches: then appeares comming towards the church porch, the minister of the place with a booke in his hand, and after him one in a winding sheet, whome they both knew to resemble one of their neighbours. The church doores immediately fly open, and thorough passe the apparitions, and then the doores clap to againe. Then they seeme to heare a muttering, as it were of the burial service, with a rattling of bones and noise of earth, as in the filling up of a grave. Suddainly a still silence, and immediately after, ye apparition of the curate againe with another of their neighbours following in a winding sheet, and to a thirde, fourth, and fifth, every one attended with the same circumstances as the first. These all passed away, there ensued a serenity of the sky, the moone shining bright as at the first, they themselves being restored to their former liberty to walke away, wth they did, sufficiently affrighted. The next day they kept within doores and met not together, being both of them exceeding ill, by reason of the affrightment wth had terrified them the night before. Then they conferred their notes, and both of them could very well remember the circumstances of every passage. Three of the apparitions they well knew to resemble three of their neighbours; but the fourth (which seemed an infant) and the fifth (like an olde man) they could not conceive any resemblance of. After this they confidently reported to every one what they had done and seene; and in order designed to death, those three of their neighbours wth came to passe accordingly. Shortly after their deathea, a woman in y^r tounne was delivered of a childe wth died likewise. So that now there wanted but one (the olde man) to accomplish their prediction. Which likewise came to passe after this manner. In that winter about mid January, began a sharp and long frost, during the continuance of which some of Sir John Munson's freindes in Cheshire having some occasion of entercourse with him, dispatch away a foot messenger (an ancient man) with letters to him. This man travelling this bitter weather over the mountaynes in Derbyshire, was neare freitshat with colde, yet at last he arrived at Burton wth his letters, where within a day or two he died, and these men so soone as ever they see him, said peremptorily that he was the man whose apparition they see, and that doubtless he would dy before he returned, wth accordingly he did." In the cause of Barker v. Ray in Chancery, August 2, 1827, a deponent swore that a woman named Ann Johnson, and also called 'Nanny Nunks,' went to the deponent, and said to her, 'I'll tell you what I did to know if I could have Mr. Barker.

On St. Mark's night I ran round a haystack nine times, with a ring in my hand, calling out, 'Here's the sheath, but where's the knife?' And when I was running round the ninth time, I thought I saw Mr. Barker coming home; but he did not come home that night, but was brought from the Blue Bell, at Beverley, the next day."

The *Naturalist's Diary* for every month is agreeably written, and distinguished for good feelings. Some of the original poetry is also of a very respectable order. Much of it is from the pens of Delta, Mary Howitt, and Richard Howitt. We have rather a surplus of verse in this *Gazette*, and shall only adduce a pleasing sonnet by the latter young poet.

"To-day," said I, 'throughout my native place,
Since but one day is mine, I'll wander free;
Again each childhood-hallowed haunt retrace,
And every old familiar object see.'
I sought the churchyard, wandered by the brook,
Again on every gentle hill I stood,
Then strolled to every solitary nook;
As I was wont, by field, and stream, and wood.
Yet careful thoughts, intrusive, with me went,
Though round me were the mirth and flowers of May,
And through my mind a dreamy languor sent;
Till with regret, when wandering thence away,
I sighed to think I saw not half I sought,
And where I should have looked, was lost in thought."

We perceive that the Editor has taken up a subject of considerable interest, to which we have devoted some pages of the *Literary Gazette*;* we allude to French provincial customs. His researches have led him upon our grounds; and we think he has done credit to his work by the good sense and taste with which he has interwoven these notices with his other topics. Few themes are more generally acceptable to readers than accounts of ancient customs and superstitions: every body knows something of the one, and every body has felt something of the other; and it is curious to compare our knowledge and feelings with those of past ages and of human nature under every change of scene and circumstance.

A Treatise on the Steam-Engine, Historical, Practical, and Descriptive. By John Farey, Engineer. 4to. pp. 728. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

The volume which has been so long promised to the mechanical world by Mr. Farey has at length made its appearance, and professes to give an historical, practical, and descriptive account of the steam-engine, and its application to useful purposes. We have not had time, since its publication, to make any minute examination of it, but have gathered the following notions of its contents from a hasty inspection.

It commences with an introduction, containing a series of definitions of all the principles of mechanical action on which the operations of steam-engines depend. It is stated in the preface, that "these definitions have been formed from a full examination of the works of the best writers on the theory of mechanics, with an endeavour to preserve their modes of reasoning, and the mathematical accuracy of their conclusions, without employing the language of geometrical or algebraical analysis; but all quantities are represented in numbers, and their proportions are established by the ordinary processes of arithmetic, in order to render the principles very apparent to those who are not accustomed to any other mode of calculation." This part of the work is intended to give practical men an exact knowledge of the true principles upon which their operations are or ought to be conducted; and other parts to

* Our intention is not to exhaust this subject, but to give perhaps, altogether, some ten papers to it.

show the means of applying those principles to their daily practice, in the construction and use of steam-engines.

The history of the invention of the steam-engine is divided into chapters, the first of which contains an account of the various projects and attempts which were made during the seventeenth century to obtain a moving power from fire, and the description of Mr. Savery's engine.

The second chapter treats of Newcomen's fire-engine; and the third of its application to various purposes, during half a century after its invention: this subject is treated at length, and rules are laid down for the proportion of its parts.

The fourth chapter is on the introduction of cast iron in the construction of machinery, and the application of the fire-engine to the manufacture of iron.

The fifth chapter is a history of the origin and progress of Mr. Watt's invention of his first steam-engine for pumping water. The sixth is on the application of the steam-engine to give continuous circular motion to mills, with a complete description of the principle, operation, and structure of Mr. Watt's rotative engine; and the dimensions of several standard engines made by himself, which have been in use for years, and which perform as well as any modern engines which operate by the same application of steam.

The seventh chapter is a treatise on the construction and use of the sliding rule, and its application to the purposes of calculation relative to steam-engines: and the eighth chapter is a collection of rules for calculating the proportions and dimensions for all parts of Mr. Watt's rotative steam-engine.

The ninth chapter describes those modifications of the parts of Mr. Watt's engine which were proposed and executed by his contemporaries.

The following extracts, which are taken at hazard from various parts of this volume, will convey an idea of the writer's style and manner of thinking.

"The steam-engine is an invention highly creditable to human genius and industry; for it exhibits the most valuable application of philosophical principles to the arts of life, and has produced greater and more general changes in the practice of mechanics than has ever been effected by any one invention recorded in history. All other inventions appear insignificant when compared with the modern steam-engine. A ship, with all her accessories, and the extent of knowledge requisite to conduct her through a distant voyage, are most striking instances of the intellectual power of man, and of his enterprising disposition. The steam-engine follows next in the scale of inventions, when considered in reference to its utility, and as an instance of the persevering ingenuity of man to bend the powers of nature to his will, and employ their energies to supply his real and artificial wants: but when we consider the steam-engine as a production of genius, it must be allowed to take the lead of all other inventions. The natives of Britain will more readily grant this pre-eminence to the steam-engine, from the circumstance of its having been invented and brought into general use by their countrymen within a century; and particularly as it has been one of the principal means of effecting those great improvements which have taken place in all our national manufactures within the last thirty years—that amazing increase of productive industry, which has enabled us to extend our commerce to its present magnitude,

could never have been effected without the aid of this new power. In fact, there is every reason to suppose, that if the steam-engine had not been brought into use, this country, instead of increasing in wealth and prosperity during the last century, would have retrograded greatly; because the mines of coals, iron, copper, lead, and tin, which have in all ages formed so considerable a portion of the wealth of England, were at the beginning of the last century nearly exhausted, and worked out to the greatest depths to which it was practicable to draw off the water by aqueducts and simple machinery; and without the aid of steam-engines it is probable, that fuel, timber, and all the common metals, would long since have become too scarce in England to have supplied the necessities of a numerous population."

It would require much study of such an extensive volume to form a valid opinion of the accuracy of the great mass of information which is obviously contained in it: but the author is known to be capable of doing justice to the subject; and the practical rules he has laid down must prove most highly interesting to engineers; for, hitherto, there has been no public source from which even the elements of such knowledge could be obtained, and each individual has been left to form rules for himself, according to his own observations: this part of the subject is thus announced in the preface.

"One great object of the present work is to furnish practical engineers with a series of rules for calculating all proportions and quantities which can be required to be known for the construction and use of steam-engines. These rules have been deduced from very numerous observations made upon steam-engines and mills of all kinds and all magnitudes. In each case the observations have been very carefully compared, and assorted in series, according to the similarity of circumstances, and then such formulae have been deduced from them as would give results corresponding equally well with all parts of the series. The construction of these formulae has been a work of great labour, of which very little appears; because only the results of the investigations are retained in the form of an arithmetical rule: the greater part of these rules have been formed by the author for his own use in professional practice, and having undergone the test of continual application, during a course of several years, and received frequent corrections, he is justified in claiming some confidence in their accuracy."

"The principles which regulate the proportions of the different quantities which are to be computed by each rule, are stated in the most concise terms which could be chosen without employing algebraical substitutions; these have been avoided throughout the work, because the methods of algebra and fluxions are only necessary to investigate the formulae whereby computations may be formed, in numbers, by the processes of ordinary arithmetic; and it is sufficient for practical use to have rules which will give the required results. The method of performing each calculation by the sliding rule is added, and will tend to facilitate the computations. This valuable instrument was introduced into considerable use amongst engineers by Mr. Watt, and only requires a good collection of formulae to become of universal application. The author hopes that what he has done will contribute to extend the use of that excellent mode of computation amongst the profession."

Also, in the introduction to the rules for proportioning the parts of Mr. Watt's engines,

the author gives the following account of their origin.

"From the great experience that engineers have acquired since Mr. Watt's time, it may be presumed, that if any considerable errors or deficiencies had existed in the dimensions of his standard engines, they would have been corrected in the modern ones. This has actually been the case in some few instances; but in almost all essential particulars, the practice of the most skilful engineers of the present day is very nearly the same as that of Mr. Watt himself; and in those few instances where they differ, the modern practice is for the most part inferior to the original, which ought to be studied with care by all engineers, as the foundation-head for that kind of knowledge. In this view the information contained in the eighth chapter will prove very useful to the profession, and accordingly the author has taken great pains to verify all the proportions and rules which he has formed by a continual reference to Mr. Watt's own practice, so as to be assured of their correctness."

"At his first entrance into business, the author made it his particular study to acquire a complete knowledge of the structure of Mr. Watt's steam-engines, and the proportions and dimensions of all their parts, as being in every respect the very best course of instruction for a practical mechanician. With this view, in the years 1804 and 1805, he examined and took exact drawings of a number of those engines, of all sizes, with their dimensions: and after having accumulated a sufficient collection of observations, they were arranged and compared, to find out the proportions that the different dimensions bear to each other; which being ascertained, corresponding rules were formed for calculating the dimensions in every case, either by common arithmetic or by the sliding rule."

"The author is not aware whether the rules which he thus made himself are exactly the same as those which Messrs. Boulton and Watt followed; but the rules in question have been proved in the course of several years' practice, and corrected when necessary, so as to give results which, upon an average, correspond very nearly with the practice of the most experienced engineers, who have all taken their proportions from the established models of Messrs. Boulton and Watt's standard engines."

"The notes and calculations which have been used in the formation of these rules are very voluminous; but it was thought unnecessary to give more than one example of each rule. Those examples are in all cases selected from some real specimen of Messrs. Boulton and Watt's practice, which was found to correspond nearly with the rule. A great number of similar examples, of different sizes, have been used to obtain the rule, in every case; and although many of those examples vary from the rule, the variations are not so great as to be of any importance in practice; and they are as often above as below the result given by the rule: they are such variations as might be expected to arise from the rules not being rigorously observed in practice."

"The principles of all the most important proportions upon which the rules depend, have been the subject of frequent communications from Mr. Watt himself to the author, and are really those which he followed. At the time the author became acquainted with Mr. Watt, he had been several years in retirement from business, and minute details were not his favourite subjects of conversation; but only gene-

ral principles. He himself states, in the introduction to his revision of Dr. Robison's article, Steam-Engine, that the subject of steam and steam-engines had been almost dismissed from his mind for many years previous to his undertaking that revision in 1814; in which, on account of his advanced age, he did not attempt to render it a complete history of the steam-engine, or even to give a detailed account of his own improvement upon it; but he only intended to make a commentary upon his friend's work."

Herbert Milton. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1827.

THE most lively and spirited of its class, and written with a keenness of observation, a justness of remark, that shew as much knowledge of human nature as of fashion. Many of these pages are devoted to a severe but witty exposure of that mania which induces people to sacrifice principles, feelings, and, harder still, prejudices, so that they may but appear not only what they are not, but what they have no right to be. No person in the present day seems satisfied with his own condition; the very streets and squares look contempt on each other; and the respectable independence of middle life is fast becoming a kind of debatable ground, where no one cares to dwell. In a commercial country like England, whose very existence is her wealth, and where a thousand paths to that wealth lie open to all who have energy of head and hand to achieve them, the boundaries of situation must be less strictly defined than elsewhere, and the consciousness of how much a man's place in England depends on himself must ever be a motive for honourable exertion; but it is even a more melancholy than ludicrous reverse of the picture, to see the independent position exchanged for one of equivocal suzerainty—to see the wealth of honourable industry wasted in pursuits whose folly is only equalled by their vanity—to see old habits renounced, old friends given up, and for what?—a name! The higher ranks of our country are an old and noble race; and a rash intruder on patrician ground is like a bold adventurer in fairyland—too apt, as the only mark of their favour, to bear about some ridiculous shadow flung upon him for ever. But enough of remark, and now for entertainment—to the book itself.

A Parvenu's Dinner.—This gentleman, Mr. Samuel Silverton, or Sham Silverton, as he was familiarly called by his friends, was one of that smart race of young men who have only sprung into ostensible existence within the last few years, before which period they had not attempted to gain a footing in the aristocratic vicinity of the squares, being then content with shewing themselves on a Sunday, and passing the rest of the week within the circle of the city walls. Sam was a junior partner in a banking-house,—one of those amphibious creatures who, after passing their days in the east, amidst bills, brokers, smoke, and discounts, generally make their appearance about half-past five amongst the belles, beaux, dust, and splendour of the west. Here they arrive in semi-military costume of young guardsmen, and are more conspicuous even than those gentlemen for the smartness of their cabriolets, the fine action of their horses, and the stiffness of their own;—not to forget the quantity of under-waistcoats, the length of their spurs, and the apparently painful tightness of their black stocks. Sam yielded in nothing to his brotherhood; the splendour of whose small houses,—of course west of Bend and south of Oxford-street,—the excellence of whose cooks, and the

merit and variety of whose cellars, render them so great an acquisition to the fashionable part of the metropolis. To judge by their opera-boxes; their hunters, at Croydon or Salt-hill; their purchasing all the buhl, marqueterie, and carving at Baldock's; all the Dresden, Sevres, and enamels at Jarman's; all the or-moulu and bronzes at Fogg's; their bidding for all the best pictures at Christie's, and all the rare books at Evans's;—one has sufficient proof that theirs is the only career in which a man has any chance of enjoying the good things of this world, ere he is too old for any thing but Bath waters or Malvern air. * * *

"The inner room, fitted up as a small library, contained a rare collection of first editions, as well as Elzevirs, Alduses, and Variorum, which Sam, whose bibliographical knowledge was pretty much confined to his own vernacular, had commissioned Mr. Evans to purchase for him by the foot. Here the tables and chairs were all of a description well suited to Mr. Silverton's taste for reading, but certainly not for that of a very studious man, it being morally impossible for one to seat himself on any of the latter, without falling asleep forthwith. Mahogany cases, filled with maps, supplied the place of cornices to the walls. Globes crowned the book-cases, together with marble busts of eminent men, upon the pedestals of which Sam had prudently directed some symbolic mark to be engraved, in order that he might not mistake Newton for Shakespeare, or Sir Cloudesly Shovel for the Chancellor, when he acted as cicero to his own rarities. The splendid tables, inlaid with brass, were loaded with buhl inkstands, seals, trays, and all the other paraphernalia of a correct writing-table. The chimney-piece sustained several rare specimens of bronze, divided by a curious antique clock, over which was suspended the picture of a very beautiful woman, mysteriously veiled by a green silk curtain. This was, in reality, the production of an eminent artist from the study of a Trastivirina; but Sam, when asked whom it was intended to represent, generally replied, with an attempt to blush, 'Oh, pray do not ask me!' In short, nothing could present a more delightful picture of literary luxury than this apartment, where Sam always hurried to receive his visitors, though he rarely entered the room for any purpose but to place a book open on the stand, to make people believe that he really not only could but did read. * * *

"It is but justice to Mr. Silverton to say, that whatever incongruity and disproportion he might have evinced up-stairs, here every thing was in the perfection of good cooking and good taste, if I except the mania of poor Sam for covering his walls with the portraits of dead worthies, who he swore were ancestors of his family, and which, more than one of his guests had told him, looked very much like eminent chimney-sweeps or coal-heavers in their black dresses. * * *

"During the interregnum between the first and second course, the conversation of the party, which had hitherto been principally confined to the discussion of the dishes, was now either devoted to the merits of the wine, which flowed, as usual, during this interval with greater rapidity, or was directed by the different personages in attacking each other in that species of half-personal warfare, which is so fashionable among the most correct set of men in town. Nor did the host neglect this opportunity of giving way to his favourite topic, which consisted of praising every thing in his own possession; not an article,—potable, comestible, or ornamental,—escaped his lauds.

tory remarks; and his greatest vanity was shewn by stating the prices which each article had cost him, and this he always did, accompanied by his own regrets at his poverty preventing his purchasing a greater quantity, or exhibiting greater splendour in his taste. 'This Rudesheimer is fine,' observed one of the guests; 'is it 1808?' 'I beg your pardon,' replied the host, 'it is Johannisberg of 11, warranted. I paid seventeen shillings a bottle for it at Frankfort. Transport-duty and other expenses included, I may say you drink it at about twenty-seven shillings per bottle.' 'I don't think it dear!' exclaimed another. 'Have you much of it? I should like to get some uncommonly.' 'Unfortunately,' rejoined Silverton, 'I merely purchased a few dozens; though it is not much money, yet few citizens must be economical.' 'Where did you get this champagne?' demanded another. 'It is rather too sweet.' 'Sweet!' exclaimed the host; 'it's some of the driest wine in London. It's extremely curious, I got six cases as a particular favour: the remainder of the parcel was purchased for the emperor.' 'I should have thought this had been destined for the same purpose,' observed Alfred coolly; at the same time overturning a glass of Sauterne, upon which Sam particularly piqued himself, into the cooler at his side. 'It tastes much more like imperial certaine,' added a young nobleman who sat next to him. 'Well, then,' said Silverton, 'will you do me the pleasure, Lord Ernest, of taking a glass of this with me?' 'I'll drink one,' rejoined his lordship; 'but I am not aware that one takes any thing but physic or leaps.' 'That is to say, when your horse, or rather your friend's, does not take the latter without you,' observed another of the party, Lord Ernest being much more famed for his precision, and his purism in conversation, than his skill in facing a brook or topping a wall fence. 'Then will you drink some Hermitage,' rejoined the host, yielding to the lesson of the noble grammarian. 'One drinks porter, tea, and tisane,' rejoined the imperturbable taster. 'Well then,' answered Samuel, 'who dreaded lest he should be black-balled if he thwarted his guest, 'will you have some of that by you?' 'Have!' responded the other, 'one has the gout, the toothach, or a run of ill-luck! I'll try the Chamberlain, if you please.'"

Alas! after all this, the unfortunate, though he has given the dinner to propitiate them, gets black-balled by his own friends at White's.

A Bed-Room at another's Country Residence.—Herbert was ushered by his host into the apartment majestically called the state-room, in that part of the building yeapt the Bachelor's Bower, by Miss Bots, in opposition to another corridor destined for the ladies, which went by the appellation of the Maiden's Alcove. His attention was particularly drawn by his host to the various luxuries and comforts which filled the chamber. 'My wife has done it, han't she, colonel? Here's a lot of this here jimcracks,' exclaimed the guide, pointing to the different, almost essential accessories to a modern man's toilette: 'she says no one can't do without 'em; i'cod, I have thought, all my life.' 'Nasty fellow!' thought Herbert to himself. 'I never wanted none of 'em; all stuff, all finery, all Betty Martin! Why, I can put my dressing things in a nutshell: I can dress myself any time in three minutes!' 'Beast!' thought the guest. 'One, two, three, crack with a razor, and all's right! But, I suppose, colonel, you're like my son Sidney, who says no gentleman can put on his neck-bankecher, without risking failures,

under twenty minutes. Now, as I said, if a man of business wants all that time to turn out, why there'd be failures enough, I take it: and then chuckling at his own joke, he retired to, what he called, whisp himself over. To do Mr. Doubiggen justice, nothing had been omitted by him which could tend to the luxury of the inhabitant of this apartment, though Mrs. Botts' ridiculous love of ostentation was visible every where. The bed of polished mahogany, à la Française en bateau à colonnes dorées, was almost concealed by a coverlet of purple silk, fringed with silver, and ornamented in its centre with the Botts' arms. The curtains, of the same colour and material, lined with *ponceau*, and surmounted by a plume of black feathers, from the centre of which peeped the family crest, a full moon, with the motto, '*Nihil Sibi*!' The wardrobes, commodes, and secretary, corresponded with the bed, glittering in all the pride of *or-molu* and varnish. The dressing-table, with its cover bordered with lace, and collected round the looking-glass by *bouquets* of purple and *ponceau* ribands, was strewn with sundry richly cut glass *façons*, filled with rose, elder, and Cologne water. In the centre of the room was placed a rosewood table, bearing the necessary apparatus for writing; consisting of a sumptuously bound blotting-book, every species of coloured paper, embossed with Cupids, hearts, and flowers; perfumed sealing-wax; cameo wafers; gold sand; green tapers, in mother-of-pearl candlesticks; and bundles of seals engraved with 'Hazlewood Hall,' or tender mottoes. Near that stood a *chaise longue*, with a reading-stand affixed, on which reposed a huge volume of an illuminated Bible; whilst a small book-case, on either side the door, was filled with Walter Scott, Byron, and Moore. The implements dedicated to ablation were of the most splendid Worcester porcelain, of every possible shape and contrivance, attended by the most costly crystal goblets and decanters, and surrounded with a profusion of almond-paste, herriion-powder, and scented wash-balls; not to forget a huge pile of towels, which might have served a moderately clean German baron for two years at least; and a Psyche swinging in a corner, in which the son of Gaunt might have admired himself at full length. In short, from the superfluous silver kettle of hot water, down to the necessary boot-jack, which, by the by, was so constructed as almost to draw off the patient's boot, as if one had been a needle and the other a loadstone, no item was omitted which could add to the splendid comfort of the guest, or exhibit Mrs. Botts' magnificence."

As these volumes are not yet published, we shall content ourselves, now, with this short sample of their ability. They are ascribed to Col. Leach, "every body's Leach"—but to whomsoever we owe them, he is a clever fellow.

THE CLARENDON PAPERS.

[Fourth Notice: Conclusion.]

PURSuing our account of the diary referred to in our last Number, we find Lord Clarendon as one of the commissioners sent by the king to his invading son-in-law at Salisbury.

December 3. He states, "about three in the morning we took coach, and got to Sarum about seven. We alighted at the George inn, where we found the Dutch ambassador: he came hither last night. He told us the Prince of Orange was at Hindon, but knew not how long he designed to stay there, nor which way he moved; that he was going to him himself

presently.* We resolved to stay at Sarum to rest our horses: while we were at dinner, Mr. Heveningham came into the room, and told us the prince stayed all this day at Hindon; whereupon we went thither. Upon the way we met Captain H. Bertie, Mr. W. Herbert, and some other gentlemen; who told us the prince lodged at Berwick, two miles from Hindon, a house of Sir George How's, and now inhabited by the widow of my cousin, E. Hyde, of Hatch. We got thither about four o'clock: here I met my son. As soon as we alighted, we waited on the prince: we found him in the room where he dined. He received us very obligingly, and after asking us some common questions of our journey, he took me into his bed-chamber, where he talked about half an hour with me. He said he was very glad to see me; that my son's coming over to him was a seasonable service, and he would always remember it. He then asked me several questions—How the king came to leave Sarum so suddenly? What was done at the meeting of the Lords on Tuesday last? When the commissioners would be with him? And what their business was? I found by his discourse that the Dutch ambassador had given him pretty perfect accounts of most things. I told him, that the business of the commissioners, as far as I understood, was to agree upon ways to make the meeting of the parliament safe and easy; that they intended to set out as soon as they had their passes. He asked me, what was the general opinion, and what I thought of things. I said, that if his highness pursued his declaration, we might quickly hope to see a happy settlement. He replied, 'My declaration shall be punctually observed.' He said he had but little acquaintance with Lord Nottingham; but that he did a little wonder, the Lords Halifax and Godolphin came to him in this errand. I then asked him when he went from this place? He said he would go tomorrow to Sarum, and stay one day there. The prince then called Sir Henry Capell, and I took my leave. Hearing Dr. Burnet was in the house, I went to his chamber: he had taken physic. He seemed very glad to see me; and when he had inquired a little after all his acquaintance, he presently fell to discourse (after his usual manner) of the public affairs. 'What,' said he, 'can be the meaning of the king's sending these commissioners?' I told him, to adjust matters for the safe and easy meeting of the parliament. He replied, 'How can a parliament meet, now the kingdom is in this confusion; all the west being possessed by the prince's forces, and all the north being in arms for him!' I said, if the prince pursued his declaration, and there were no other design than to settle things upon the right foundation, we might quickly hope for a composure; that the king had made a great step towards it in calling a parliament, and sending commissioners to the prince. The doctor, with his usual warmth, answered, 'It is impossible; there can be no parliament: there must be no parliament; it is impossible!' And so I left him. In the dining-room I met my Lord Churchill. I told him what the king had told the lords of

his lordship's design to deliver his majesty to the Prince of Orange, if he had gone to Warminster. He denied it with many protestations, saying, that he would never be ungrateful to the king; that he would venture his life in defence of his person; and that he had never left him; but that he saw our religion and country were in danger of being destroyed. He then asked me when the prince left the Cockpit? I told him; he said he wondered she went not sooner. By this time Sir Henry Capell came from the prince: and, it being pretty late, my son carried us to Hindon, where we got us a couple of rooms in the inn set out for himself. The Prince of Denmark was quartered at Hatch.

"December 4. In the morning I visited Monsieur Schomberg. I met Wildman in the streets: we went again to the prince's quarters. I visited Monsieur Bentinck, who had received the news of the death of his lady yesterday by the Dutch ambassador. He made me many compliments upon my son's so early going in to the prince; of which, he said, the prince was very sensible. He then fell to speak of the occasion of the prince's expedition, and said his highness had given a sincere account of it in his declaration; and that he had proceeded in pursuance thereof ever since his landing. 'Though,' said he, 'there are not ill men wanting, who give it out that the prince aspires at the crown, which is the most wicked insinuation that could be invented; that though three kingdoms would be a great temptation to other men, yet it would appear that the prince preferred his word before all other things in the world, and would pursue his declaration in endeavouring to settle all matters here upon a true foundation.' I told him, if the prince pursues this resolution, every thing will be very easy; and the commissioners will find no difficulty in their business. He said, he wished the commissioners were come, that no time might be lost. I confess, this discourse gave me great satisfaction. The prince breakfasted at Berwick, and went on horseback to Sarum: he took Wilton in his way, and went in to see the house and gardens; the Prince of Denmark joined him there. I rode on from Wilton before. Upon the bridge at Salisbury town's end I found the mayor and his brethren in their formalities. I told them, the prince did not come in that way; that they had best go to the town-hall, and I would send them word when the prince was come; upon which they went away. About three in the afternoon, the prince came to Sarum: he had his quarters at the bishop's palace; and the Prince of Denmark lay at the dean's. I sent for the mayor and aldermen, and presented them to the prince. I supped with the Prince of Orange. I lodged at Mr. Viner's, in New Street, where I got a chamber for Sir Henry Capell. In the evening, the Earl of Oxford, and a son of the Earl of Beaufort's, came to the prince. As the prince rode from Berwick, the people flocked to see him, and prayed to God to bless him. As he passed by them, he put off his hat, and said, 'Thank you, good people: I am come to secure the Protestant religion, and to free you from popery.'

"December 5. In the morning I visited Monsieur Schomberg: he lodged at Mr. Hill's. I went to see Lord Oxford, who told me, he did not think of making this journey, when we were together with the king. I said but little to him, for I thought him in an odd humour. He said he did not think Lord Halifax was like to have been one of the commissioners; but a man that was guided by his ambition would do

* "This is confirmed by Sir Patrick Hume's Diary. Monday, 3d Dec. The prince stayed, and I marched on six miles to W—. That morning Ambassador Sifers, of Holland, came to the prince, also an express from the Earl of Feverham, general of King James his army, by his order, desiring a safe conduct for some to be sent, which was granted. Tuesday, the 4th, the Prince came to Salisbury, nine miles, where we quartered: here many of the first rank came in to the prince. The Earl of Oxford came in on Tuesday, at Salisbury. Prince George, the Duke of Ormond, the Earl of Drumlanrig, came in at Sherburne, Friday, Nov. 30."

any thing. I waited on the Prince of Denmark. He asked me when I came from London, and when the king arrived there? I told him. He then asked me, when the princess went away, and who went with her? Of which I gave him as particular an account as I could. He said he wondered she went not sooner. I told him, I could say nothing to that; and I wished her journey might do her no harm: to which he replied, there was no danger. I said she had been so subject to miscarry, that it was much to be feared she might do so now: to which the prince answered, 'She is not with child.' I then told him with what tenderness the king spake of her when he returned; and how much trouble he expressed to find she had left him: to which he said not one word. His saying, the princess is not with child, startled me. Good God, bless us! nothing but lying and dissimulation in the world. Dr. Woodward, the chancellor, was with me, and desired me to present the clergy to the prince, which I did in the evening: there was only himself, Dr. Lambert, and one more. I dined at the Vine: there were about thirty gentlemen of the country. They all agreed upon my son to be one of the knights for this county, in the parliament now to be called; who should be the other, was not agreed upon. After dinner, Mr. Johnston, who came over with the prince, came to us: he brought a roll of parchment, wherein was the association, which, he said, had been signed by all the gentlemen in the countries through which the prince had passed, and therefore he brought it to us. I think we all in the room signed it. It was proposed by Mr. Davenant, that all the gentlemen might wait on the Prince of Orange in a body, and give him thanks for coming over; and to assure him they would raise what men or money he should desire: this was agreed to. They desired me to go with them, and present them to the prince, which I did, and we went immediately. I had no mind to refuse any thing to the gentlemen who had so frankly obliged my son: the prince received the gentlemen very obligingly, thanked them for the offer they had made him, and said, money would be more useful to him than men; and, if they would help to some, it would be a great service, and should be so esteemed by him. One Mr. Frenchard, an elderly man, brought 250*l.* from two cloisters; the Prince of Orange directed it to be paid to Mr. Harbord, who executed the office of commissary-general of the army. Several townsmen of Sarum, and of the neighbourhood, complained to me of disorders committed by the Dutch troops, and that they did not pay their quarters, and that the carriages, which were pressed, were not paid for. I spake to Mr. Bentinck of these things; who gave me very slight answers; he asked Sir Henry Capell (as he a little after told me), what I had to do to meddle in these matters? Who told him that I was in my own country, and therefore people made application to me. Bentinck shews his temper betimes. I visited Dr. Burnet. He told me the Prince of Orange came over full of kind inclination towards me; that my behaviour in Ireland had gained me an universal esteem, and therefore I might depend upon the prince. But he must tell me very freely, the prince had a very ill opinion of my brother, and that he must not expect to be employed. I told him I should be always very glad of the prince's good opinion, but I was surprised at this his discourse. I then told him what Bentinck had said to me at Hindon; to which he replied, that Bentinck was an old servant, was bred up with his master, and had

much of his kindness; but, if it pleased God to bless the prince, Bentinck would not be in the station of a favourite minister. I said, this was very strange, to be talking who should and who should not be employed, as if he had the settling of those matters; that, if it pleased God to give a blessing to the treaty, the king and prince would quickly be agreed, and then all would do well: upon which the doctor interrupted me, saying, in great heat, 'What treaty? How can there be a treaty? The sword is drawn: there is a supposititious child; which must be inquired into.' He was thus walking about the room, in wonderful warmth, when somebody knocked at the door to speak with him, and so I left him. Good God, what are we like to come to, if this man speaks the prince's sense? We shall have a fine reformation.

"December 6. In the morning Dr. Burnet made me a visit. He was very calm at first, and told me he was sorry to find there was a suspicion, as if I were not right in the prince's interest. I said I did not know what he meant by being right in his interest; that I had as yet discoursed with nobody who came over with the prince but himself, and therefore that none could have any suspicions of me; that his discourses, and Wildman's and Ferguson's being come over with the prince, did indeed make me suspect that other things were designed than were pretended in the prince's declaration, which would make me look about me. I then asked him, why he behaved himself in that manner yesterday at prayers, in the cathedral, as to make all the congregation stare at him? For when the collect for the king was saying, he rose from his knees, sat down in his stall, and made an ugly noise with his mouth. He said he could not join in the collect for the king. I said I was going to court; and so our conversation ended. About eleven o'clock the prince left Sarum: he is to lodge to-night at Collingborne.

"December 7. I and my company supped together at my lodging; Sir John Hotham and William Harbord supped with us. They discoursed much against the meeting of the parliament which was summoned, saying, that by their having been so long out of England, attending upon the Prince of Orange, they could not expect to be chosen, if they had not time to go down into their countries; as if it could not be a good parliament, in case those gentlemen were not in it. Mr. Harbord said he had drawn his sword against the king; that he had no need of his pardon; but they would bring the king to ask pardon of them for the wrongs he had done. In a word, their whole discourse was so seditious, that I was easily confirmed in my opinion, that no good was intended by those who came over with the prince."

And so, indeed, the drama ended. James, who was only temporising, in order to get fairly away, left the crown to his ambitious rival—a history, the sequel of which is too well known to need a comment. There is, however, in this volume some remarkable particulars about the intrigues by which the fleet was brought over from its former gallant Admiral, James, to the interests of his successor. But our space is filled; and for all the rest we must refer to the work itself—one of the most useful lights which our national annals have received for many years.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Key and Companion to the Plan of Clapham, &c. pp. 196. Clapham, 1827. H. N. Batten. AMONG the rural retirements in the vicinity of

the metropolis, there is not perhaps an *environ* which has been so much improved as Clapham, with its once boggy common transformed into a picturesque scene of wood and water. This village volume, produced by the spirit of a librarian, who seems very competent to supply the inhabitants with what is useful and agreeable, contains a very good topographical account of their neighbourhood; is neatly ornamented with lithographic prints; and, from its general information, must be a book for every house in the parish.

The Dramatic Works of Shakspeare, with a Life and Glossary. 8 vols. 32mo. London, 1827. Carpenter and Son; Hurst and Co.; Hailes; Poole; Cowie and Co.; Jennings; Arnold.

FOR this new and elegant little edition of Shakspeare we are indebted to the Chiswick press, from which Mr. Whittingham has issued so many beautiful specimens of typography and art. The present example is worthy of being placed by the side of any of its precursors: though small in volume, the text is proportionably large and clear, the embellishments are appropriate, and the Biography and Glossary are judicious. Handsomely bound, this edition is most fit for the bookcase in a lady's chamber; and for a pocket companion of the Shakspearian enthusiast, it will be equally convenient and useful.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. 3 vols. same size. Whittingham.

UPON this neat edition of a very popular work we have the same praises to bestow. These pretty tomes would make disagreeable reading, in one sense, easy; but when the author is enchanting, it greatly enhances the pleasure, to be enabled to handle and compass him so easily.

New Elegant Extracts: a unique Selection, Moral, Instructive, and Entertaining; from the most Eminent Prose and Epistolary Writers. By R. A. Davenport, editor of Whittingham's edition of the British Poets. 18mo. 6 vols.

New Elegant Extracts, &c. Poetry. 6 vols. C. Arnold.

WE have hastily glanced over these twelve volumes; and after first observing that they appear to be entirely novel in their contents, i. e. not to republish any thing that is to be found in the octavo or Sharpe's editions of *Elegant Extracts*, we have only to remark that the selection seems to be made with much judgment, and the whole to be what the title purports—highly moral, instructive, and entertaining. The publication is produced with Mr. Whittingham's usual attention to good printing, convenience of form, and spirit of ornament. Of the prose, the two latter vols. are epistolary (curiously contra-distinguished from prose by the editor in the title-page); and of the poetry, the last two vols. are translations.

The Winter's Wreath; or, a Collection of Original Essays in Prose and Verse. London, 1827, G. B. Whittaker; J. Hatchard; Liverpool, G. Smith.

THE plan on which this work is founded—that of blending serious matter with lighter amusement—has already been acted upon by the Amulet, and we must say to much greater effect. The general run of the articles are rather heavy than grave, and the prints not above mediocrity. Still, however, there are

some points of praise: the following sweet poem of Mrs. Hemans' is one.

"The Stranger's Heart."

The stranger's heart! Oh, wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot!
In the green shadow of thy tree
The stranger finds no rest with thee.
Thou thinkst the vine's low rustling leaves
Glad music round thy household eaves;
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—
The stranger's heart is with his own.
Thou thinkst thy children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day;
Then are the stranger's thoughts oppress—
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.
Thou thinkst it sweet when friend to friend
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim—
Far, far are those who prayed with him.
Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land—
The voices of thy kindred band—
Oh, midst them all when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart!"

We must also mention, that, with an excellent purpose, the *Winter's Wreath* is beautifully bound, and enclosed in one of the prettiest cases we have seen.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Paris, November 23.

LAST week I amused myself a little at the expense of animal magnetism. On stating my incredulity towards the wonders of animal magnetism, I was requested to attend a sitting of a somnambule, and to take with me any person of my acquaintance who was unwell: I consented to it, and took a friend as incredulous as myself, who had been labouring for many months under a most excruciating nervous sciatica in the left leg. We arrived at the apartments of Messrs. Chapelain and Dupotet, physicians, Rue de Seine, No. 6. We were introduced, and found a woman in a state of somnambulism; her eyes were completely closed, and the lids seemed pressed so strongly that tears were observable. M. Dupotet was in the act of consulting her on a patient who had sent a lock of hair from the country, and which she had in her hand. She prescribed the remedies proper for the case. I was shewn the letter from the party, saying that the symptoms had been rightly described from the lock of hair, and requesting farther instructions, which was the cause of the consultation we witnessed. After this was terminated, my friend was placed by her side on the sofa, with his hand on her knee, and M. Dupotet's hand was upon his. This was what they called establishing a relation (*rapproch*) between the somnambule and the patient. She remained immovable for two or three minutes, and then appeared carefully to examine my friend, her eyes continuing closed: she said she saw him; in one minute afterwards, she began to rub the front of her left leg with violence, using precisely the same action that he is accustomed to do when the pain is excessive. She said she felt violent pain there. On being asked what were the external appearances, she replied, there was nothing whatever to see; but, laying her finger on the inside of the tibia, she said the person had suffered much from something she felt there, but could not say what it was: it was precisely the spot where his leg had been broken. She was then requested to find out if there were any other parts disordered. She felt herself all over the region of the breast and stomach, and said there was nothing there: then putting her hand on her right groin, she said there was something there (my friend has a hernia). She now put her hands on each side, just above the hips, and said

the patient had formerly suffered very much in these parts (it was where he had been wounded in a duel). On being asked what she would recommend for these disorders last described, she said there was nothing to be done. She then prescribed for the leg; and being asked whether she could cure it, she observed it was uncertain, as there was gout mixed with the disorder:—my friend has been a martyr to gout these fifteen years. It is difficult to describe the astonishment of us both, as we were totally unknown, even by name, to any of the parties. Her description of the patient's feelings and disorder was strictly correct; and during the consultation she rubbed her shinbone at least half-a-dozen times; and it is to be remarked, that it was always at the moment when my friend felt the most pain.

This is a simple relation of the facts. To account for them by any known theory, is impossible. The hypothesis maintained is, that by the communication of the magnetic fluid from the patient to a person in the state of somnambulism, the somnambule becomes as it were identified with the patient, and suffers precisely when he suffers; and that there is a sufficient portion of the magnetic fluid contained in even a lock of hair to establish this occult relation between the parties. The physicians, Messrs. Chapelain and Dupotet, are so convinced of the truth of this doctrine, that they do not scruple to return a written consultation, describing the disorders of a person who may send them a lock of hair from a foreign country. This is certainly a bold offer.

The Faculty of Medicine at Paris has appointed a commission to report on experiments made before their eyes on patients brought by themselves. The report of the commission is expected to be public in a short time; this will, doubtless, set the grand question at rest. Magnetism gains ground daily in France. M. Debuye, who has written many works on it, says it is in the power of every person to magnetise, more or less; and that the action is much greater where there exists a sympathy of affection between the parties, as man and wife, parent and child: he adds, that he has enabled many poor persons to magnetise their wives or husbands, and cure them of diseases which had baffled all the skill of the physicians.

Messrs. Chapelain and Dupotet have commenced a monthly journal, under the title of the Propagator of Animal Magnetism. The first number appeared yesterday, and contains so many curious matters, that Phenology may be esteemed a bubble to its wonders.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR DECEMBER.

Time's active strength nor flags nor slumbers: Time,
Numbered by no frost, retarded by no storm,
Still speeds his never-varied course, still swells
With days, and months, and years, his journey's store.

22d day, 1 hr. 31 min.—the sun attains the winter solstice in the bow of Sagittarius, and, according to the fixed Zodiac, is said to enter Capricornus, though it is 2,257 years since the solstitial colure passed through the two stars, which distinguish the head of the Goat. On this day the sun illumines the whole of the antarctic circle, while the arctic regions are plunged into the deepest midnight of darkness and desolation.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D. H. M.
O Full Moon in Taurus . . .	2 22 50
C Last Quarter, in Leo . . .	11 3 23
☉ New Moon, in Sagittarius . .	18 2 5
☿ First Quarter, in Places . .	24 17 47

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D. H. M.
Saturn in Gemini	6 4 42
Spica Virgo	13 14 52
Mars in Virgo	14 1 30
Jupiter in ditto	14 17 48
Mercury in Scorpio	16 13 42
Venus in Sagittarius	19 8 33

19th day—Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible for a morning or two previous and succeeding in the S.E. by E.

Venus is gaining on the brow of Eve; and well may we hail this beautiful planet as it advances, for with its mild radiance must be identified, even in this dreary and desolate season, the snowdrop and primrose, the daisy and cowslip, of the ensuing year: with increasing splendour it will be the bright companion of early spring, and its rays dart across our path, as we return from welcoming the harbingers of the vernal season. 28th day, 9 hrs.—in conjunction with Uranus.

Mars will soon become an interesting telescopic object, rising E.S.E. about three o'clock in the morning, 8 deg. west of Jupiter.

Jupiter now pleases the eye of the night traveller who bends his course eastward, and has expatiated with delight and awe over the blue canopy, studded with ten thousand glittering gems, and beholds this illustrious planet rising with steady brightness, as the precursor of the glorious orb of day. 3d day, 4 hrs.—in conjunction with λ Virginis, a star of the fourth magnitude, in the left foot of the Virgin; Jupiter will pass 3 min. south of the star; the nearest approach will not be visible, from its occurring when below the horizon; they will, however, be observed the morning preceding and succeeding, about 12 min. distant from each other. Towards the middle of the month, Jupiter passes into the constellation Libra.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D. H. M.
First satellite, immersion . .	2 18 39 4
	18 16 54 42
	25 18 48 14
Second satellite	8 17 19 12
Third satellite, immersion . .	16 56 24
emersion	29 19 9 30

Saturn is the only planet at this time in the northern signs, and still continues in Gemini, forming an acute-angled triangle with Castor and Pollux, from which it is distant 10 and 7 deg. respectively. Saturn rises at the following periods; the intermediate times may be obtained by proportion:—

D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
1 6 49	13 5 54	25 4 56

Uranus is too near the sun for satisfactory observation.

OF THE GIRAFFE.

In its natural habits, I cannot conclude that the giraffe is a timid animal, for when led out by its keepers, the objects which caught its attention did not create the least alarm, but an ardent desire to approach whatever it saw: no animal was bold enough to stand and suffer the giraffe to come near it. Its docile gentle disposition leads it to be friendly and even playful with such as are confined with it: a noise will rouse its attention, but not excite fear.

I doubt whether the giraffe does amble, as asserted by M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire. Its walk is fast, from the length of limbs, but extremely awkward: its gallop is a succession of jumps; and I see no reason why it should not continue long, if we judge by analogy upon the form of some horses and dogs that have narrow stomachs; there may be a sufficient space for the play of lungs in depth, if not possessed in breadth. When I say the walk is awkward, perhaps this specimen is hardly a fair one to

form such an opinion generally, for its growth has been very rapid, and its limbs are deformed by the treatment it experienced when in the hands of the Arabs, in its overland journey from Sinaar to Cairo. It was occasionally confined on the back of a camel, and when they huddled it together for that purpose, they were not nice in the choice of cords, or the mode of applying them: it bears the marks of what it must have suffered in this way. It is now fast growing into shape, and the joints losing their disproportion to the limbs.

The motions of the head and neck are extremely graceful and curious, possessing the flexibility and usefulness of the neck of the swan and the peacock. The forehead has but one protuberance, therefore is different from the animal at Paris; this gives the head more lightness and beauty of form. Its eye is large, prominent, and exceedingly quick in catching objects at a great distance; it is well defended by the brow, and it can see, without turning the head, behind and below it. The ears are well formed to receive sounds, and are constantly bent forward. The tongue has very peculiar properties, and can be so tapered as to enter the ring of a very small key; when put out, it is not elongated, but comes from a cavity in which it usually lies, between the bones of the under jaw. It is used upon most occasions, and without the discrimination which a learned gentleman (according to newspaper report) has given it in his paper to the Royal Society:—this, if asserted, could only be delivered as a joke. Its taste and smell are very acute, and very delicate, especially as regards the artificial food now given it: it can raise the little papillæ at pleasure, for at times the tongue is perfectly smooth and soft, at others it is extremely rough. It is a small feeder, and drinks about eight or ten quarts of milk in the day. The upper lip is longer than the lower one, which assists the tongue in drawing in the boughs; but when grinding its food it is contracted. It has no teeth or nippers in the upper jaw, and the two outside ones are divided to the socket: it is a ruminating animal, and lies down when it chews the cud.

I do not think it very choice of its food, when out, so that it be green and sweet. It is fond of aromatics; the wood of the bough it also eats: our acacia, and others of the mimosa tribe, it does not prefer; and it never attempted to graze: it seemed a painful and unnatural action when it attempted to reach the ground. I have seen it try to do so when excited by an object which curiosity led it to examine—its feet were then two yards apart. It was constantly in motion when the doors of its hovel were open; but it has no sense of stepping over any obstruction, however low.

It is asserted by travellers that it resembles the camel in having callosities on the breast and thighs, and that it lies on its belly like that animal. There is between the fore legs what to the casual observer may appear to be such, but which are folds of loose skin, to enable it to separate its fore legs when reaching downwards. Its mode of resting is like most quadrupeds, on its side; but the operation of lying down is curious and peculiar: I will endeavour to describe it. We will suppose it preparing to lie on the off side: the first action is to drop on the fetlock of the off fore leg, then on the knee of the near one, to bring down the other knee; it then collects its hind legs to perform the next movement, the near one being brought rather forward, but wide, until

the off hind leg is advanced between the fore ones; this requires some time to accomplish, during which it is poised with the weight of its head and neck, until it feels that its legs are quite clear and well arranged; it then throws itself on its side, and is at ease. When it sleeps, it bends the neck back, and rests its head on the hind quarter.

Why should the name "Zurapha" be more fitting to this animal than "Camelopard?" When I asked the interpreter who came with this, the true sense of the word, he explained it as only applying to the general sense of "beautiful animal."*

R. B. DAVIS.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, NOV. 24.—On Thursday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—T. G. Calhoun, Fellow, Magdalen College; G. Masters, Magdalen Hall.
Masters of Arts.—P. Boyle, Oriel College, Grand Comptroller; J. Evans, Scholar, W. S. Brinknell, Worcester College; G. H. Hadfield, G. Du Haume, Fellow, Pembroke College; T. O. Ward, W. Brock, Queen's College; J. S. Birley, Brasenose College; F. L. D'Ewes Coke, D. Adams, Christ Church; C. Baumtynne, Balliol College; G. S. Dickson, University College; J. Clarke, Exeter College; H. B. Metcalf, Scholar, Lincoln College; J. Griffiths, Scholar, Wadham College; J. C. Connellan, Oriel College.

CAMBRIDGE, NOV. 24.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the degree of D.D. was conferred, by royal mandate, on the Rev. T. Turton, of Catharine Hall, Regius Professor of Divinity.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—The elections took place yesterday, at the Society's Chambers in Somerset House. The ballot-boxes were opened at eleven o'clock, and closed and delivered to the scrutineers at three. The following was the result:—

President..... DAVIES GILBERT, Esq.
Treasurer..... Capt. KATER.
Secretaries..... { Dr. ROGET,
 Capt. SABINE, R.N.

Of the old Council were retained:—

Davies Gilbert, Esq., President.
Captain Francis Beaufort, R.N.
John George Children, Esq., Sec.
Sir Humphry Davy, Bart.
John F. W. Herschel, Esq., M.A., Sec.
Sir Everard Home, Bart., F.R.S.
Captain Henry Kater, F.R.S.
John Pond, Esq., A.R.S.
William Prout, M.D.
William Hyde Wollaston, M.D., F.R.S.
Thomas Young, M.D., Sec. Foreign Correspond.

Of the old Council went out:—

John Abernethy, Esq.
Charles Babbage, Esq., M.A.
John Barrow, Esq.
Robert Brown, Esq.
Charles Hatchett, Esq.
Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esq.
William Viscount Lowther.
George Pearson, M.D.
James South, Esq.

In the room of these were elected:—

Francis Baily, Esq.
Rev. W. Buckland, D.D.
Lord Colchester.
J. Wilson Croker, Esq.
W. H. Fitton, M.D.
Rev. Edmund Goodenough, D.D.
John Guillemin, Esq.
John Ayrton Paris, M.D.
P. M. Roget, M.D.
Capt. Edward Sabine, R.N.

We understand that the new President has acquiesced in the wish so decidedly pressed by the Society, and that he intends to direct a breakfast to be prepared at the apartments of the Society on every Thursday morning during the season, which will afford opportunities for

* We have to express our obligation for this paper to Mr. R. B. Davis, who, while painting the picture of the animal for His Majesty, had many opportunities of observing its peculiarities.

the meeting of scientific men. Tea and coffee will also be provided in the library after the weekly sittings; and we learn that it is the farther intention of Mr. Gilbert to establish meetings on the Sunday evenings. Thus the intercourse of foreigners with the philosophy of this country may be constantly promoted, and the general interests of science largely advanced.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

AN opinion now generally prevails among the Faculty that the College of Physicians have abandoned their meditated suit against Dr. Harrison. If this be so, it is a virtual abandonment of the claims so long set up by the College as a chartered body; and certainly throws the profession open to classes hitherto restrained from practising on an equal footing with its members.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

View of the Western Archway of the Thames Tunnel. B. Dixie.

THIS print, on stone, shews the western archway of this novel and remarkable work, as it will appear when finished. It has a strange and striking effect, with its long arches terminating in a point, and its underarches, if not unearthly light.

FINE ARTS.—A correspondent writes to us:—"In confirmation of your Paris Letter respecting the liberal feeling of the French government towards the pictures of the English artists sent for exhibition in the Louvre, I have to state as a fact, with regard to one of these pictures, that orders were given to the authorities at Calais to admit it free of duty. In contrast to this, on our side of the water, they exacted, besides excise dues, a heavy duty for the picture going out of the country."*

DRAMA.

ITALIAN OPERA.—We stated in our last that Mr. Laurent had agreed to take the King's Theatre for the ensuing season; since then, however, as usual with this ill-fated concern, an obstacle has arisen to prevent the arrangement from being completed. The *Mitch* in question amounts to a thousand pounds.

DRURY LANE.

SINCE our last Number, the theatrical world has been in a ferment respecting the sudden disappearance of Mr. Kenney's comedy, *Forget and Forgive*, from the bills of Drury Lane Theatre, and the various reports which were consequently in immediate circulation. The best authenticated is as follows: Mr. Price having been informed by "some d—d good-natured friend" that the comedy was nearly word for word the same as one of Mr. Holcroft's, condemned some three-and-thirty years ago at Covent Garden, determined, particularly as it was not bringing money, to withdraw it altogether, which intention was further confirmed by the receipt of a strong letter from the author, which arrived at rather an unfortunate period, and was read to the whole of the performers, by Mr. Price, in the green-room. Mr. P. has certainly had considerable provocation of this sort during the short time he has been at the helm of old

* There are some whimsical affairs, however, even on the other side of the channel. A friend of ours lately sent a present of cutlery to Paris. It was examined and partly seized at Calais; for, unluckily, there were some *quater-knives* with balance and guard handles in the package. The sight of these mysterious weapons exceedingly alarmed the officer; and he gravely reported them to government as *stylets Italiens*!

Drury. Dimond's opera of *Englishmen in India* was received by him as an entirely original piece, though the greater part of it was stolen from Cobb's *Love in the East*, (our readers will remember the extracts which appeared in the Literary Gazette at the time,) and paid for, under that delusion, with the enormous sum of 550*l*.! The *Illustrious Stranger* was likewise sent in, accepted, and paid for, under a similar assurance, and innocently anticipated at the Haymarket; and close upon the heels of this last annoyance comes *Forget and Forgive*, from the same writer! Mr. Price, we guess, is not the man to do either under such circumstances.

Mr. Holcroft's comedy of *Love's Fraillies* was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1794 (the advertisement is dated February 11th), and was condemned in consequence of the following unfortunate speech. "I was bred to the most useless, and often the most worthless of all professions, that of a gentleman." Act V. Scene 4. We subjoin the cast of the original and its prototype:

Love's Fraillies.

Sir Gregory Ogleheart,	Mr. Quirk.
Charles Seymour,	Mr. Holman.
Mr. Muscadel,	Mr. Lewis.
Mr. Craig Campbell,	Mr. Munden.
James,	Mr. Farley.
Lady Fancourt,	Mrs. Pope.
Pauline,	Mrs. Eaton.
Lady Louisa Compton,	Mrs. Fawcett.
Nannette,	Mrs. Mattocks.

Forget and Forgive.

Sir Gregory Ogle,	Mr. W. Bennett.
Charles Sydney,	Mr. Wallack.
Robert Rumbold,	Mr. Liston.
Cameron,	Mr. Cooper.
James,	Mr. Webster.
Lady Ratcliffe,	Mrs. Davison.
Georgiana,	Miss E. Tree.
Louisa,	Mrs. W. West.
Jeanette,	Mrs. Orger.

Our readers will perceive, that Mr. Kenney has borrowed the whole of his *dramatis personæ*, with the exception of Lady Ogle, her two daughters, the French baron, and Sir Edward Mowbray; and on referring to the old play, they will also perceive, as we have done, that the dialogue between the other personages is closely copied, in nearly every scene. We regret this the more, as it was certainly to these very passages we must attribute the partial failure of *Forget and Forgive*;—the unnatural scene between Sir Gregory and James, which was so deservedly hissed,* and all the mawkish sentimentality which hung so heavily upon the piece, existing verbatim in Mr. Holcroft's production. The crime, therefore, has brought the punishment along with it. Mr. Kenney's introductions, the females of the Ogle family, and the French baron, with the alterations made in the character of Muscadel, were in that author's most happy and vivacious style, and might have made an excellent farce by themselves. He has consequently injured his reputation and his pocket in every way by this disingenuous proceeding; and though we must confess it does not heighten our opinion of Mr. Price's capabilities for the management of an English theatre-royal, we cannot too severely reprobate the

repeated advantages taken of him as an unsuspecting, honourable, straightforward, and liberal-handed gentleman.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Kean, jun. "continued his *débuts*," as the French would say, by appearing in the character of *Frederick in Lovers' Vows*. No great powers are required for either the conception or execution of this character: indeed the whole piece, to use a theatrical expression, "plays itself." Mr. Kean evinced much spirit in the scene where he discovers himself, and upbraids his conscience-stricken father, and was loudly applauded; his voice will, however, we fear, be an insuperable bar to his ever attaining the higher honours of his profession. The play was very fairly cast, with the exception of Harley in the rhyming butler, who cannot play an old man. He looked like a white monkey,* and imitated Blanchard and Munden alternately. His age is that of a pantaloon, who, in spite of a tottering gait, is evidently capable of playing at leap-frog with harlequin. Mr. Harley is an invaluable person in a theatre, and it is therefore a pity that he should be thrust into parts in which he can be only tolerated on account of the previous "services he hath done the signory." Miss Foote's *Amelia* was the gem of the piece. It was, in truth, a most exquisite performance. Jones was quite at home in *Count Cassel*; and the baron and his chaplain could not desire better representatives than Cooper and Wallack. We must not forget to mention Mrs. C. Jones, whose talent shines through the most trifling character. Mrs. W. West played *Agatha*; but as she was in strong hysterics from the rise to the fall of the curtain, it would be cruel in us to criticise her performance. On Mr. Cooper's advancing to give out the play for the following evening, a cry was raised by some half dozen voices in the gallery for young Kean; and so clamorously was the ridiculous demand persisted in, that Cooper at last retired, and returned with him to the front of the stage, amidst a storm of disapprobation, directed not against Mr. Kean, but against his vulgar and silly friends. We are astonished the management did not resist this insult to the sense of the audience and the feelings of the other performers. As for the young man—we pitied him!

A new version of Cobb's opera of the *Pirates*† was produced at this theatre on Thursday, under the title of *Isidore de Merida*; or, *the Devil's Creek*. Neither our time nor our limits will allow us to go into detail. Fortunately, there is no plot in it, at least none that is understandable; we shall, therefore, merely say that it was received with rapturous applause, on account of the generally pleasing and popular character of its music, and the spirited manner in which its principal pieces were performed by Mrs. Glossop, foolishly called Madame Feron, as if we were ashamed that an English woman could sing so well. Mrs. Glossop has a voice of great power and extraordinary compass, and is withal a very pretty actress.

* The Caribanco, or white-throated Sal (sal à gorge blanche) of Buffon. See Cuvier, *passim*, Order Quadrupeds, and the plate finely engraved in Whitaker's edition of that excellent work, the *Animal Kingdom*, which has furnished Harley so funny a hint upon this occasion.

† "The *Pirates*, a comic opera, by James Cobb, acted with great success by the Drury Lane company, while they were at the Opera House. Songs only printed. 8vo. 1792. Music by Stanger."—*Biog. Dram.* Mr. Dimond is the arranger of the present version; and we have been asked if he has married Mr. Cobb's widow, as it appears to be the fashion for modern authors to marry the relicts of their predecessors, and revive their productions. Mr. Dimond having fashioned his *Englishmen in India* out of *Love in the East*, and his *Seraglio* out of *Romeo, Drury*, now Cobb-les up *Isidore de Merida* from the *Pirates*!

A few "unpleasing sharps" sometimes struck on the ear; but the dash and style of the thing completely ran away with John Bull, who rent the welkin with his acclamations. We will notice the opera fully next week, by which time we have no doubt Mrs. Glossop will have brought considerable sums to the treasury.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Saturday the long-promised opera, the *Seraglio*, was performed to a house crowded in all parts. The plot is as follows:—*Belmonte*, a young Sicilian nobleman (Sapio), whose betrothed bride has fallen into the power of *Ibrahim*, pasha of one of the Cyclades (Warde), visits the island as an artist, "in search of the picturesque," in the hope of rescuing his beloved *Constanza* (Miss Hughes) from the grasp of the infidel. Through the medium of *Pedrillo*, his ci-devant servant (Wrench), who, with his sister *Blonda*, Constanza's waiting-maid (Vestris), have been also captured by the Turks, he is introduced into the pasha's palace, where, in conjunction with the two domestics and one *Dr. Cornelius O'Callaghan*, an Irish ex-surgeon of a British man-of-war (Power), he lays a plot for the release of the lady, and their general escape from the island. The accidental fall and crash of a china vase at the critical moment alarms the guard, the fugitives are arrested, and summary vengeance about to be inflicted by the infuriated pasha, when he discovers, by the old dramatic incident of a miniature in a bracelet, (managed, however, with some tact and novelty in this instance,) that Constanza is his sister. A general *éclaircissement* of course follows. Belmonte becomes the brother-in-law of a very magnificent three-tailed bashaw, and the curtain drops on the happy party. The music of the piece, our readers are generally aware, is arranged and adapted from an early work of Mozart, well known in this country by the title of *l'Enlèvement du Sérail*, with additional airs composed by Mr. Kramer, the director of his Majesty's private band. That the additions are anything but improvements, and the arrangements and adaptations grievously unskillful and tasteless, appeared to be the unanimous feeling of the musical part of the audience. The mutilation of the beautiful and popular overture is alone a crying sin. It obtained, however, even in its crippled state, an encore; and with the exception of an air by Vestris, (in the original opera appertaining to the character of Pedrillo,) was the only composition which received that compliment. We regret to say that the greater part of the music was most inefficiently executed. Sapio appeared to us to be labouring under indisposition: he was at times scarcely audible. Miss Harriet Cawse was evidently suffering from cold and hoarseness: Madame Vestris, herself, sang unusually flat; and Wrench and Power were unmercifully, and we are confident most unwillingly, made to murder two or three *morceaux d'ensemble*. The dialogue of the opera is lively, and in some parts tasteful. The songs are sad things. We have always made great allowances for the obstacles an adapter of words to concerted music has naturally to encounter; but what can be said of such stuff as this, if the printer's devil be blameless?

"Sound our mighty basas's praises,
Sing of glory—sing of love—
Song, the cry of eagle's ruses,
Song, that's murmured by the dove."

Mr. Warde played the half-civilised pasha with much good sense and feeling. Vestris dressed and acted the Sicilian chamber-maid

* Respecting our notice of Mr. Webster in this scene (see our last Number), we have received a letter from that gentleman, in which he exculpates himself, on the ground that he was required to play his part in the manner which gave us offence; of course we could not be aware of this circumstance, and must consider it hard that any actor should be in a situation to be compelled to offend public taste. Mr. Webster also states, that "the scene was re-written twice;" which appears to us to be most enigmatical, seeing that, except a few curtailments, it is word for word the same as in the original comedy. We will venture to surmise that Mr. Farley, the first James, did not use so many unwarrantable liberties with the ribs of his master.

to perfection. Wrench and Power endeavoured by every exertion to atone for the musical offences they were compelled to commit: to the latter, indeed, the author is most deeply indebted. The air with which he threatened to teach *Osmyn*, the pasha's brutal steward, how admirably they "manufactured gentlemen's right arms in Tipperary," was only equalled by that with which he proffered "one sweet and enthusiastic kiss" to his bewitching Blonda. Miss H. Cawse made a capital Greek boy, and played very prettily; and Penson was less disagreeable than usual in *Osmyn*. Miss Hughes had little to say or act: her delicious voice can never be heard without pleasure; but she has yet much to learn and to unlearn.

Of the scenery it is impossible to speak in terms of sufficient praise; it is the triumph of dramatic painting; and we cordially congratulate Mr. Roberts upon the unequalled success of his efforts. The costume is also perfect; and the whole of the decorations and machinery, particularly the pasha's galley, executed in that style for which Covent Garden Theatre has been so long and so justly celebrated. We therefore sincerely trust that the expulsion of most of Mr. Kramer's introductions, which, with some prunings of the dialogue, will reduce the opera to a reasonable length, may secure it a run to which its merits as a spectacle alone would justly entitle it. It was given out for repetition on Monday, amidst general and unmingled plaudits.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Battle of Navarino, or at least a piece of that name, has been reacted or enacted at the Coburg Theatre. The Turks are completely beaten and blown up. A great fire at an adjacent timber-yard on Tuesday night was thought to represent, by anticipation, the burning of the arsenals and town of Navarin itself.

ETHELWOLF.—Mr. Pennie, whose strange and rambling life we noticed in a Review, a fortnight ago, has, it seems, at last brought one of his dramatic vessels to a sort of anchor. Ethelwolf, though a tragedy in five acts, rejected by Mr. Elliston at Drury Lane, is absolutely accepted at the Coburg, and about to be brought out.

NAMES FOR ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.—So many actresses are in the habit of appearing in male attire, that it is proposed in the dramatic circles to designate the principal Epicenes hereafter thus:—Signor Vestris, Monsieur Lové, Signor Graddoni, Monsieur Footé (from the English Theatre Paris), Signor Vining, &c. &c. By a similar stretch of compliment with regard to the assumption of foreign names, and to put other performers on an equality with *Madame Fee-wrong*, it is considered to be just justice to designate the representative of Moll Flaggon as *Mademoiselle Listong*, and others as follow:—Signora Missipattini, Madame Bunn, Signora Doobulvestali, Mademoiselle Granti, &c. &c.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

ZOOLOGICAL MUSEUM.—A very interesting Museum of Natural History, M. Villet's celebrated collection, made at the Cape of Good Hope, is about to be exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. We took a hasty glance at it yesterday, and can vouch for its containing some very curious and important birds, besides animals, serpents, insects, &c. &c. Science will derive considerable benefits from this accession to the

stores for comparison. The arrangement of the exhibition is striking; and there are a multitude of Chinese and other curiosities, which add greatly to its variety and effect. Some models of Hottentots, by *native artists*, are indescribably novel and odd.

VARIETIES.

Egypt.—M. Drovetti, the French consul, who has been on a visit to Paris, has just set off on his return to Egypt. It is his intention to send several young Africans to France, for the purpose of being educated there, agreeably to his plan, which has already been noticed in our pages.

A Good Name.—Their Majesties of Sardinia, according to the *Genoa Gazette*, lately stood sponsors to a noble child, who was baptized, simply and shortly, Charles Felix Joseph Marius Christinus Denis Paul Francis-de-Paula Bernardin Anthony Raymond Gaetanus Jean Nepomucenus Andrew Avellin Marius-des-Miracles Diego Peter d'Alcantara. When this young gentleman, who is the son of an ambassador, comes to sign dispatch notes, it will be, for brevity, in initials, C. F. J. M. C. D. P. F.-de-P. B. A. R. G. J. N. A. A. M.-des-M. D. P. d'Alcantara!!!

Baron de Stael.—The son of the celebrated Madame de Stael died at Copel on the 17th ult. at the early age of thirty-seven years. He edited the complete works of his mother; and was the author, if we remember rightly, of several political compositions.

Correct Quotation.—A Parisian journal, in the course of a warm panegyric on the performance of Miss Smithson, in *Belvidera*, observes:—"The moment at which, having thrown herself on her knees, and appearing to tear up the earth in search of her beloved, she exclaims, 'I'll dig, dig the ten up,' presents one of the most sublime and heart-rending pictures that any painter ever produced." How thoroughly the Parisians must understand Otway or Shakespeare! What a distinguished judge and critic upon English literature is the editor of *Le Globe*!!

Ancient Medal.—The *York Herald* mentions there having been found by some workmen in that city a brass coin or medal of Vespasian, which may be said to connect itself with the early Christian memorials noticed in our last *Gazette*. It commemorates the conquest of Judea, A.D. 70, which is represented on the reverse by a palm tree, with a Jewish captive bound—legend *Judea Capta* S. C. on the exergue. The obverse has the emperor's head lameated, and around it *Vespasianus Rom. Im. Aug.*

The Printers' Pension Society.—The plan for establishing this benevolent and useful society (which meets with the approbation of every person connected with printing and publishing) is to be taken fully into consideration at a meeting at the London Tavern, on Monday next, at one o'clock, Alderman Venables in the chair. We will not add any argument to this simple notice, to induce attendance: no class of men are more deserving than that the wants and distresses of which it is the object of the institution to relieve; and the multitude who prosper on the works of printers will not be deaf to their just claims.

Curious Fact.—Take a watch-glass, wet the convex side, and place it, with that side downwards, on a horizontal glass, a looking-glass, for example. Then incline the horizontal glass sufficiently to induce the watch-glass (which slightly adheres to the surface, in consequence

of its having been wetted) to slide. Instead, however, of simply sliding down, it descends the declivity with a rotatory movement, of greater or less rapidity. What is the cause of this?

Excellent People.—A French critic, in speaking of a recent dramatic piece, all the characters of which are represented as being nearly faultless, exclaims, "They are excellent people, no doubt; but how tiresome it would be to live with them! Fortunately, such persons exist only in fiction."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Illustrations of the University of Cambridge, being a series of Picturesque Views representing the Colleges, Halls, and other Public Buildings, especially such portions of them as are of recent erection, &c. &c.; together with different Parochial Churches, and some specimens of the domestic architecture which formerly obtained in Cambridge, many curiosities, &c. deposited in the Museum and in different Colleges, is announced by Messrs. T. Storer as nearly ready to issue from the press.

A new volume of Tales, by the Author of "May You Like It," is in the press and will speedily appear.

A novel, announced to be of the Tremaine and De Vere class, and called *De Lisle, or the Distrustful Man*, is nearly ready.

A Weekly Journal devoted to Medical Subjects, and entitled the *London Medical Gazette*, is about to appear. The object of this work is declared to be to lay before the public the earliest and most correct information on all subjects connected with Medicine.

Announced for speedy publication, an *Original Treatise on Self-Knowledge*, &c., by the late Stephen Drew, Esq., Barrister, Jamaica.

The *Atlantic Journal*, of Paris, is represented to us to be conducted in a style so vituperative and intemperate, that several members have withdrawn their names from the Society. A M. W. Lauterbach is, we believe, the Editor; M. Langles, M. de Guignes, and our countrymen Morrison and Marshman, have been especially chosen for unmeasured abuse.

Le Bourdonnais.—Few men in the last century were more celebrated or more unhappy than La Bourdonnais, the Governor of the Isles of France and Bourbon; by whom indeed those two colonies were almost created, and who, as a reward for his services, was thrown into the Bastille. He there composed a volume of historical memoirs. Handkerchiefs, stiffened with rice-water; soot and the drops of coffee; and a small coin, bent, split, and fastened to a wooden skewer, served him for paper, pen, and ink. The grandson of this intrepid sailor has just republished these Memoirs, which contain much curious matter.

Mr. Blaquiere is printing a Third Volume on the Affairs of Greece.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Farey on the Steam-Engine, 4to. 5s. 6s. bds.—Fall's Surveyor's Guide, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Ambassador's Secretary, 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 2s. bds.—Cunningham's Sir Michael Scott, 3 vols. p. 8vo. 1l. 5s. 6d. bds.—The Red Rover, 3 vols. p. 8vo. 1l. 5s. 6d. bds.—Jenny's Ornithology, or the Birds, 12mo. 12s. bds.—Laves on Alterations of Practice and Pleading, 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Brace's Greek Gradus, 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Stewart's Bible Gems, 12mo. 8s. bds.—King's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Practical Suggestions for the Sick, 12mo. 3s. canvass.—Plumstead's Beauties of Melody, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Enigmatical Entertainer and Mathematical Associate for 1839; containing a number of Philosophical and Mathematical Inquiries.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 22	From 24. to 35.	29.80 to 29.02
Friday . . . 23	— 19.5 — 32.	29.60 — 29.49
Saturday . . . 24	— 25. — 36.	29.66 — 29.43
Sunday . . . 25	— 22. — 38.	29.67 — 29.94
Monday . . . 26	— 26. — 48.	30.30 — 30.32
Tuesday . . . 27	— 29. — 41.	30.32 — 30.18
Wednesday 28	— 26.5 — 47.	30.04 — 29.94

Prevailing wind, N.W.

Generally clear and frosty till the 26th, with foggy mornings; a heavy fall of snow on the afternoon of the 23d and during the night of the 24th.

Rain fallen, .35 of an inch.

Edmonton. Latitude . . . 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude . . . 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Flat Justice.—Mr. Von Worrell, whose print of the last Shooting Excursion of the Duke of York we noticed a week ago, informs us that the group was actually taken on a spot near Belvoir Castle, where His Royal Highness appointed to meet his gamekeeper Godfrey, and groom-liege; and that the dog, though unknown to the sporting field in this country, is "the celebrated Russian Retriever Neptune, sold at Tattersall's for sixty-six Guineas to Mr. Gambier."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

The London Medical Gazette.

On Saturday, December 8, 1857, will be published, by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, the 1st Number of

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Communications, "To the Editors of the London Medical Gazette," to be addressed (free of expense) to the care of the Publishers.

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FOREIGN REVIEW, No. I. price 6s. will be ready for publication in three Weeks. 8, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, 8th November, 1857.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. II. is published this day. 39, Abbe Square, November 10th, 1857.

This day is published, BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXXXIII. for December 1857. Contents.—I. The Game Laws.—II. The Bachelor's Debt.—III. The Anti-Federalist of the Rocks. Made by Master Haggis.—IV. An Autumnal Night's Dream in Ireland.—V. The Cooper of Thousand and his Family. By the Man-of-War's Man.—VI. Myra to December. By Delta.—VII. Letters Seconda Spiritale a Gerli. Panti M. c. c. Indirizata al Signore Cristoforo North.—VIII. Day Dreams.—IX. The Death-Day of Kerner. By F. H. N. My Old Day and I.—X. The Country Banks and the Bank of England.—XI. Poems preparing for Publication.—XII. Monthly List of New Publications.—XIV. Appointments, Promotions, &c.—XV. Births, Marriages, and Deaths. Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

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